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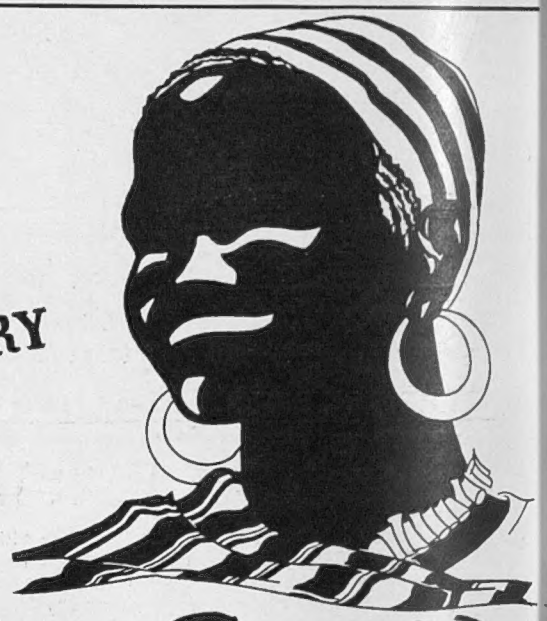

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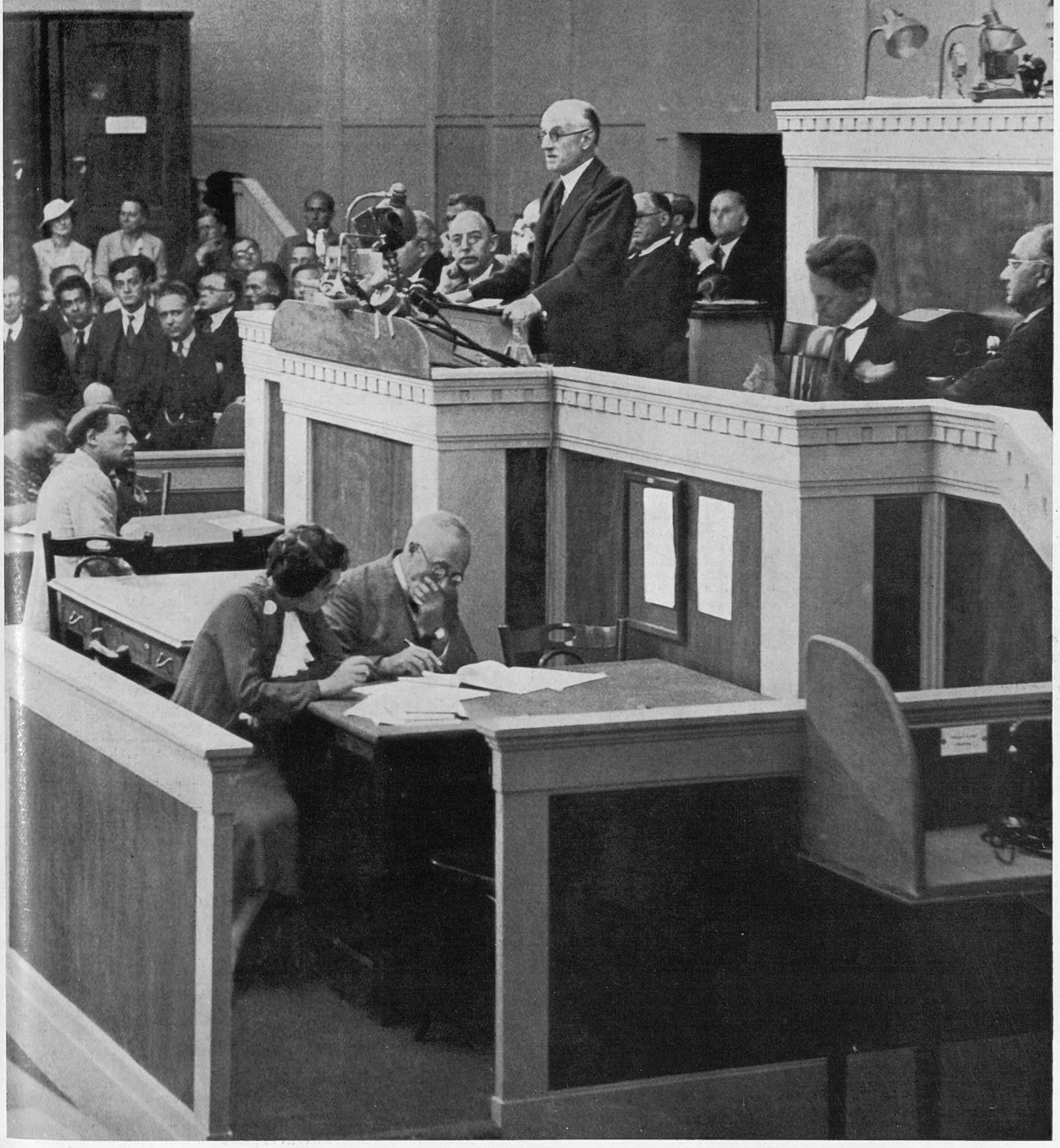

Sir Samuel Hoare's Speech to the League

The British Foreign Secretary's Clearly-worded Declaration of Policy at Geneva

"The League stands, and my country stands with it, for the collective maintenance of the Covenant in its entirety, and particularly for steady and collective resistance to all acts of unprovoked aggression." With these words Sir Samuel Hoare reached the climax of his speech to the world's statesmen at Geneva last week, and made plain, without further aggravating the situation, Britain's attitude towards Signor Mussolini's East African policy. In accordance with his own expressed intention Sir Samuel avoided rhetoric, but his clearness of expression and the dignity of his delivery not only aroused admiration but spread confidence among the delegates. When, two days later, M. Laval, the French Premier, also announced the adherence of his country to the Covenant, it was felt by some that this solidarity on the part of the Great Powers might yet be the means of averting war. The position, however, remains extremely serious and expert observers of the situation in Rome appear to hold out little hope of a peaceful settlement

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ART OF THE PLOUGHMAN: A competitor making his last furrow on the farm at Virginia Water where ploughing matches were held last week in connection with the Egham and Thorpe Royal Agricultural Society's Annual Show

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

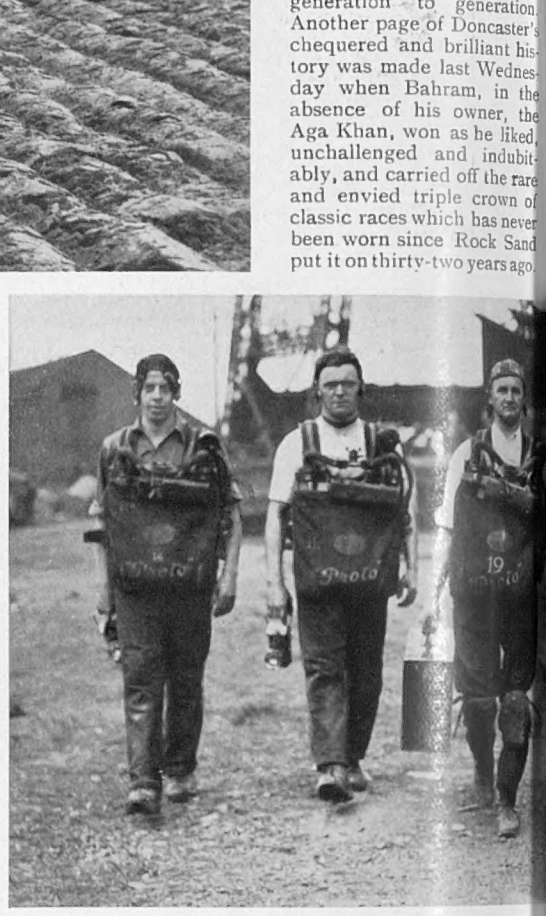
346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 18, 1935.

BRITISH POLICY.—Sir Samuel Hoare has made more than one notable debut. As Foreign Secretary he made one such in the House of Commons last summer. His debut before the world at Geneva on September 11 was still more notable, for it will have its place in the history books. At the eleventh hour, when the fate of the League was in the balance, Sir Samuel threw Britain into the scales of justice for small nations, and pledged her unswerving support for the Covenant of the League and for world peace. In saying what he said he not only had the vast majority of the signatory nations on his side, but he had also the Labour opposition of this country, the supporters of his Government, and finally, more than one Power no longer signatory to the League. What does his declaration imply? It does not, of course, solve the Abyssinian question, nor even clarify much the methods to be adopted if Italy invade Ethiopia. It clearly states that "collective security" means that, if risks are to be run to ensure peace, those risks must be taken by all. It is not to be left to one great Power or more within the League to enforce sanctions (be they economic or military). It means that all signatories, big or small, must join in according to their means and ratios. We realise clearly therefore that, while time is very short, an immense amount of work lies ahead before agreement to co-operate within the League can make sanctions effective. But his speech *does* make a little more hopeful the chance that so firm a declaration may give pause to a nation resolved on war. It is a superb, an invaluable, lead to the signatory nations, to share the risk which may yet save civilisation from chaos. If it fail, Britain at least has cleared her name, established her goodwill for peace, and will thenceforth be free to make for herself such allies as she may find, to fight her way through the chaos which must follow.

MEANING OF COLONIAL EXPANSION.—But his declaration of policy did not end there. There were some really constructive suggestions thrown out with infinite restraint and tact for tackling the prime cause of the Abyssinian trouble. That prime cause is economic, and Sir Samuel invited the world to consider whether perhaps that economic premise was unsoundly based. Italy is obsessed with the need of "colonial expansion." That means, an outlet for her surplus population and a source of raw materials. He asked the startling question: Are the Colonial Powers really withholding from those Powers which lack colonies, those raw materials they crave? May it not be that the undeveloped countries, colonised or mandated, possess the raw materials indeed but cannot find purchasers of them. It is not the lands which countries like Italy need (it has been demonstrated that Ethiopia, rendered by a miracle habitable for white races and thrown peacefully open to colonists, could not absorb a twentieth part of the nationals for whom Italy desires to find room). Italy needs raw materials. Britain suggests that the undeveloped countries of the world (under whatsoever flag) may be able to supply those needs economically. Sir Samuel suggests that, with the threat of force removed and bitter national propaganda laid aside, a profitable field of investigation might be set on foot whereby the supply of raw materials on an equitable world-sharing basis might be organised, each country setting forth for consideration by a world court her needs and grievances. What remains to say? The present trouble is not solved. The prospect of war is not much more remote. The League signatories have still to find unanimity and the will to peace which overrides national aspirations. And, after that, the whole foundation of international economics must be rebuilt, bitterly, stone by stone. But Britain has once more shown her willingness to save Europe by her example. The League is not dead if civilisation's conscience is not dead. And M. Laval, speaking on behalf of France, and with an anxious eye on Italy, with whom she has recently so closely co-operated, was yet compelled unequivocally to declare for the Covenant of the League, and nothing but the Covenant. But Italy replied that no compromise was possible and the Duce preached a sermon on the danger of enforcing sanctions. So we go to press awaiting from the Five Power Conference some "modifications" of the Paris effort. The last hope trembles in the balance.

A NATION OF SOLDIERS.—The man power of Italy is to be mobilised on a day shortly to be announced. An army of 10,000,000 "men" will take battle stations fully armed, and remain on duty for twelve hours or more. Demobilisation will begin with the "1929 class," when the nurses will advance in column of sections and remove their tired little six-year-old soldiers to the indignity of bath, sweet biscuit, and bed; for even the longest day of playing at soldiers must end at last, and nine p.m. is late enough for babies. If Europe, Abyssinia, and the League are not sufficiently impressed by this show of force, younger classes will be called up and the cradles and crèches practically emptied, while the octogenarians will slope crutches from dawn to dusk. The zeal of the Duke of Victory will achieve this. On this great day the public services will be at a standstill. The jobs that women can do will be carried on, but women, as a unit in the population, will be of no account — until nine p.m., when they will come into their own to put to bed the older and younger classes and feed the effective adults whom they bore or wedded. It is a tremendous gesture by a master of poses.

THE LEGER.—If any racecourse in England has made racing history and afforded to turf gossips wealth of material, it is Doncaster. The Yorkshireman has racing in his blood and the kings of the turf have gathered on the Town Moor time out of mind. Here over a century ago the great George Payne lost his first great fortune over the breakdown of Swiss. He took the advice of John Gully, and when Mr. Gascoigne's Jerry won the Leger, he was the poorer by £21,000. Next year, however, he again took Gully's tip and put his shirt on Memnon and got back some part of the £100,000 he had squandered in one short year. Here at Doncaster "dear Eddard" Petre, the butt of the "Legs," repeatedly pulled off the big prizes, though he was everybody's pigeon to be plucked. Here Lambton, 1st Earl of Durham, entertained royally and wore down his horses' legs to charred matches in the effort to snatch a prize. And here Lambton, Dandy Mills, Tom Duncombe, and Lord Darlington quarrelled and fought, while the ladies gossipped, and Dandy's Mirth beat Monarch's Squirrel, and Roslyn and Milbanke and Wilton plunged and played their jokes, and the good citizens of Doncaster enjoyed the fun. And so it has gone on from generation to generation. Another page of Doncaster's chequered and brilliant history was made last Wednesday when Bahram, in the absence of his owner, the Aga Khan, won as he liked, unchallenged and indubitably, and carried off the rare and envied triple crown of classic races which has never been worn since Rock Sand put it on thirty-two years ago.



MILFORD HAVEN AGAIN.—The swift development of air power was bound sooner or later to necessitate changes in British naval strategy in as far especially as it affects the Home Fleet. The battleship, on the authority of Mr. Bywater, is still regarded as the backbone of our sea power, and our big ships therefore must be held in reserve to meet the attack of their "opposite numbers" in possible enemy fleets. The Channel and the North Sea are now inside the danger point of air attack and a naval base for heavy ships outside the danger area is essential. The western coast of Britain is an obvious choice and the magnificent natural harbour of Milford Haven lies ready to hand to become the Scapa Flow of the next dangerous decade. Pembroke Dockyard has been closed for some years but much of its fitments is in good preservation. If Milford Haven returns to favour, the chief work to be undertaken there will be the building of vast underground oil-storage tanks, designed to escape the notice and attention of hostile aircraft. Nature has made the harbour almost perfect and of sufficient size to meet all demands. Workshops and docks could be economically reconditioned. It is not improbable that in the course of a year or so Little-England-beyond-Wales will once more be placed on the map. Pembroke will become once more a busy centre, and the desolation of Hobbs Point, with its little gimcrack ferry boat to Neyland, will give place to a centre of buzzing activity. And

then perhaps the G.W.R. will run a train service between Newport and Pembroke which will break all records and no more hearts. No one wants that last stronghold of British peace and beauty in the west to be vulgarised or commercialised but Milford Haven could come back to its own as a naval base without loss of amenity to the neighbourhood and with much benefit to local trade.

THE PROGRESS OF ELECTRICITY.—I do confess to a feeling of annoyance sometimes when I hear the trumpets blown by the Press and even by responsible ministers and authorities concerned with electrical development in this country. This great boon is advancing and good work is being done. But when one hears that progress overstated, one recalls rather angrily one's own attempts to get linked to the main. I have made two such efforts in the last few years, one only yesterday. Both were in a populous home county south of London. In each case the local utility company turned my offer down with a contemptuously prohibitive demand. The main cables stand less than a mile from the door of my new house, which is one among half-a-dozen small estates or properties, hitherto uncanvassed by that company. The offer first made me (apart from all question of supply rates and minimum consumption guarantees) was that I should pay £500 towards the cost of extending the cable! Naturally, one is forced back on a crude oil or other engine, and it seems monstrous that a monopoly of this vital supply should be given to local companies so lacking in foresight and initiative. Progress in electrical development must be made often in spite of, rather than with the aid of, those invested with the right to supply and popularise it. Small wonder if to-day less than 2 per cent. of the farms in this country enjoy its many advantages, and a desperately small percentage of residential properties.

CHARLES DARWIN.—The British Association has chosen September 17 for a centenary celebration of Charles Darwin. It was not his birthday or his deathday. It was taken as the birthday of his Great Idea. On September 17, 1835, he landed shakily on an island in the Galapagos Archipelago, which provided him with observations in the realms of biology upon which he based his hypothesis of *The Origin of Species*. His theory of evolution he explained and supported by his theory of Natural Selection, the factors of selection being physical environment and competition. There are few alive now to recall vividly the painful, the appalling sensation which the publication of his great book caused. "Ape or Angel?" was the slogan which divided families and friends; set churches rocking, gave religions a jolt, and fluttered more dovecots than any theory before or since that ever was advanced in a humble and painstaking volume by a humble and little-known student of science. "The exhaustive and painful researches of Darwin . . ." set society by the ears and rocked the cherished institutions and the accepted beliefs of a civilisation which had, without knowing it, outgrown them. The odd thing is that the man in the street knows very little about the great man—some of us have read some part of the "Voyage of the Beagle." His famous descendant, who writes so charmingly on golf, is assured of a more lasting memory in posterity. Survival of the fittest?

TO PASTURES NEW.—Emigration from Britain to Canada is a rarity worth recording nowadays. Last Thursday a party of 44 children, pioneer settlers on the new Fairbridge Farm School on Vancouver Island, sailed for Canada and were given a great send-off by a number of men and women at the head of the movement. On the day they sailed the Ministry of Labour's Report for 1934 showed a marked increase in juvenile employment in Britain. But the children have no cause to regret their decision. The name of Fairbridge to-day is deservedly known and widely known and the traditions of his great settlement scheme are high and firmly established. These young folk are going to what is for Englishmen undoubtedly the Paradise of Western Canada. They will have the run of 1,000 acres in the Cowichan Valley, and my memories of that enchanting spot are clear and happy. On Vancouver Island scores of retired professional men have found a lovely and peaceful haven. The climate is soft and pleasant. It is very like parts of our own happy island. When the children's train crosses the watershed of the Rockies and the streams begin to run west, they will (as I did) think themselves once more in England. When at last they cross Queen Charlotte's Sound, they will be sure of it. They will be among their own people and in familiar climate and scenery. Canada is going through a hard time economically but she and they go forward with hope and I doubt not, will come out with joy bringing their sheaves with them.

THE YORKSHIRE PIT DISASTER: An inspection party about to descend the North Gawber Colliery, near Barnsley, on the day following the explosion in which sixteen men lost their lives and eight were injured with varying degrees of severity. The explosion occurred at a part of the coal face where the miners have to work in a prone position or crouched on their haunches, and consequently they experienced considerable difficulty when attempting to escape to the surface

LABOUR AND TITLES.—Is it muddled thinking or deliberate misconstruction which furnished the views set forth by Labour speakers during the vote of censure on Sir Walter Citrine for his acceptance of a title? One speaker declared that the acceptance of a title by a person in the Labour movement ensured that he passed out of the ranks of the workers. It shows a curious ignorance of the lives of one's fellow men—that foolish generalisation that assumes that no peer, baronet or knight is capable of hard work. It is almost a return to the world of "Ouida." Another member railed against the Labour leaders who have accepted peerages and become frozen in the Lords. *His* utterance revealed almost more injustice than ignorance. One thinks at once of the case of Lord Ponsonby who was compelled by the exigencies of the constitution to accept a peerage, solely in his party's cause and against his strongly held wishes, indeed at the pistol point. Since that time, he has worked hard enough in the cause of his party to avoid the risk of being frozen. It must be despairing to educated members of the Labour Party still to hear views expressed which reveal such lamentable prejudice, such gross injustice, and such profound ignorance of facts.

BEAUDESERT.—About the same day on which correspondents to the Press were explaining why the National Trust is so unpopular with the masses (apparently it hesitates to allow the building of cottages on its lands and to grant wayleaves for electric power!), an impassioned appeal was made to the Trust to help to save Beaudesert from the house-breaker. It seems that Lord Anglesey has sold this lovely and historic house in Cannock Chase for £800 to a housebreaker. Beaudesert was important before Henry VIII made it over to the Pagets. The Bishops of Stafford kept it up as a supernumerary residence in the fifteenth century. Round the episcopal nucleus, the Pagets raised a great red (brick) cliff of Elizabethan symmetry. It is splendid, in its way unique, especially since the Victorian additions were removed. What people may not know is that on the eve of the great war and the end of Privilege, an immense amount of new work was done on Beaudesert. I think Mr. Edmund Warre was the architect. He made an exhaustive study of the place and found many traces of pre-Tudor work. After demolishing the Victorian blocks, he built a vast dining room which I believe was never once used. Such is the measure of human foresight. But the house remains, lovely in its still lovely setting. Is it possible that Staffordshire and the Nation will let it go contemptuously for lack of a few pounds?

CIVIL AIRCRAFT.—I was surprised the other day to hear a very high authority of the Air Force declare his opinion that no outstanding progress would be made in the development of civil aviation in Britain itself during the next ten years, or possibly in his lifetime. At the moment the designers and constructors are concentrated naturally on military craft, and the perfect models of the various machines for different commercial and civil purposes are not yet assumed to be in existence. But apart from designs, this authority held the view that Britain is geographically unsuited to a large-scale and at the same time swift development. In Germany even the resident Briton (attaché, commercial representative, and so on), in planning his journeys and cross-country journeys, already turns first to his "Air-Bradshaw," pretty confident that he will there find established and effective the quickest and easiest means of accomplishing his purpose. For in Germany the travelling public is already far gone towards air-mindedness. In Britain it is not so. I confess that I listened to that high authority's opinion with a silent prayer that he might prove a true prophet.

RABBITS.—All over the country the cry is heard that never in living memory have such plagues of rabbits been seen. Two genial springs, two hot dry summers, and the creatures have bred to their maximum with 100 per cent. success. In parts of East Anglia, the rabbit has become the plague it once was in Australia. The trouble is that some farmers wring their hands and take no measures against them; and that stultifies the labours of those who act vigorously. It does not "pay" (at least directly) to trap. You are lucky to get 5d. in some markets. Small wonder then that the Farmers' Union points out gloomily that last year Britain imported 25,000 tons of frozen rabbits at a cost of half-a-million sterling. That alone accounts for the fact that we cannot rid ourselves of a pest economically. Unless the rabbit destroys itself, it looks as if only a prohibitive tariff on imported carcases can save us. But in my limited experience a bumper rabbit year usually ends in liver disease and wholesale destruction thereby.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE MYSTERY MAN OF COMMERCE: Mr. F. W. Rickett, negotiator of the much-discussed Abyssinian oil concession, giving an interview to reporters when he arrived recently at Croydon Aerodrome from Budapest. He emphasised that until he had spoken to his advisers in London and New York he could not discuss the future of the concession, and he also pointed out that he began his negotiations some time before the incident at Wal-Wal which brought about the Italo-Abyssinian crisis. Mr. Rickett further stressed that no British capital was involved in the venture

THE MARCH OF THE CLANSMEN: The Captain of Dunstaffnage, Lieut.-Colonel T. O. Lloyd of Minard Castle, Colonel Bruce Campbell of Arduaine, Captain Campbell of Succoth and other notabilities leading the annual procession through the streets of Oban prior to the opening of the Argyllshire Gathering which was held a few days ago in ideal weather conditions. Oban week is the outstanding social event of the year in Western Scotland, and while the daytime is given up to the various piping contests, to the Highland dancing, and to feats of strength by the athletes, the evenings are enlivened by two largely attended balls. The chieftain of the Gathering is the Duke of Argyll

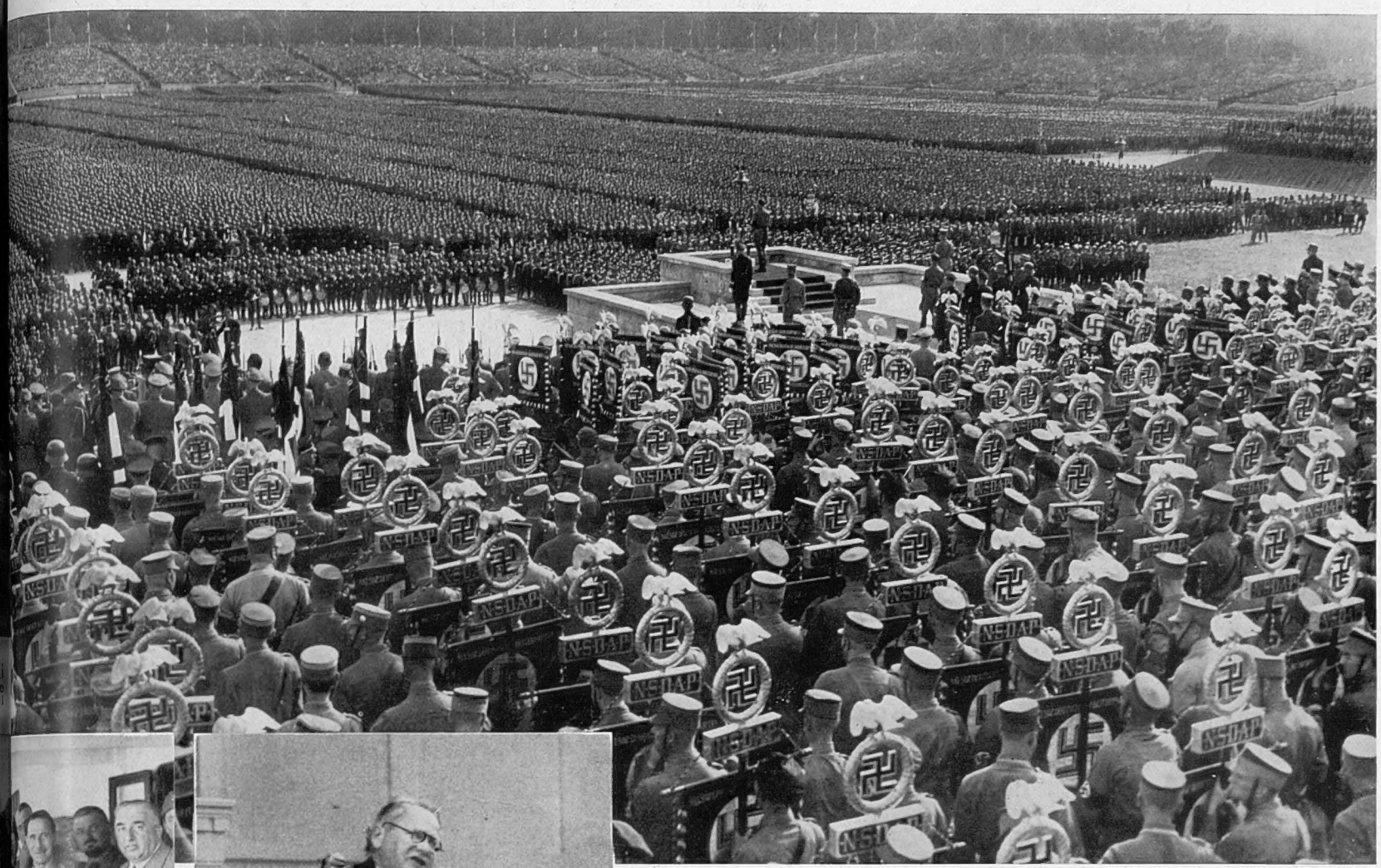
RELIGIOUS PAGEANTRY: The Procession of the Relics during the seven-hour service which was held at Downside last week when Cardinal Justinian Seredi, Primate of Hungary and Archbishop of Esztergom, consecrated the new Abbey Church in the presence of many princes and prelates of the Roman Catholic faith. His Eminence was assisted by Cardinal MacRory, Archbishop of Armagh

IL DUCE'S SONS GOING ON ACTIV
torio Mussolini (*third and fifth fro*
troopship *Saturnia*, when they arrive
voyage out to East Africa to jo

REPRIEVE FOR THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES: Members of the popular troupe of dancers whose permits for staying in England have been renewed, and who made their appearance again at the Dorchester this week. They were recently on the Riviera where they proved an outstanding attraction

MIMIC WAR IN HAMPSHIRE: Men of the "Westland Army" advancing through a smoke screen during the big Aldershot Command exercises held under the direction of General Sir Francis Gathorne-Hardy, K.C.B.

SEVEN DAYS OF HISTORY: *A Pictorial Record of Current Happenings at Home and Abroad*



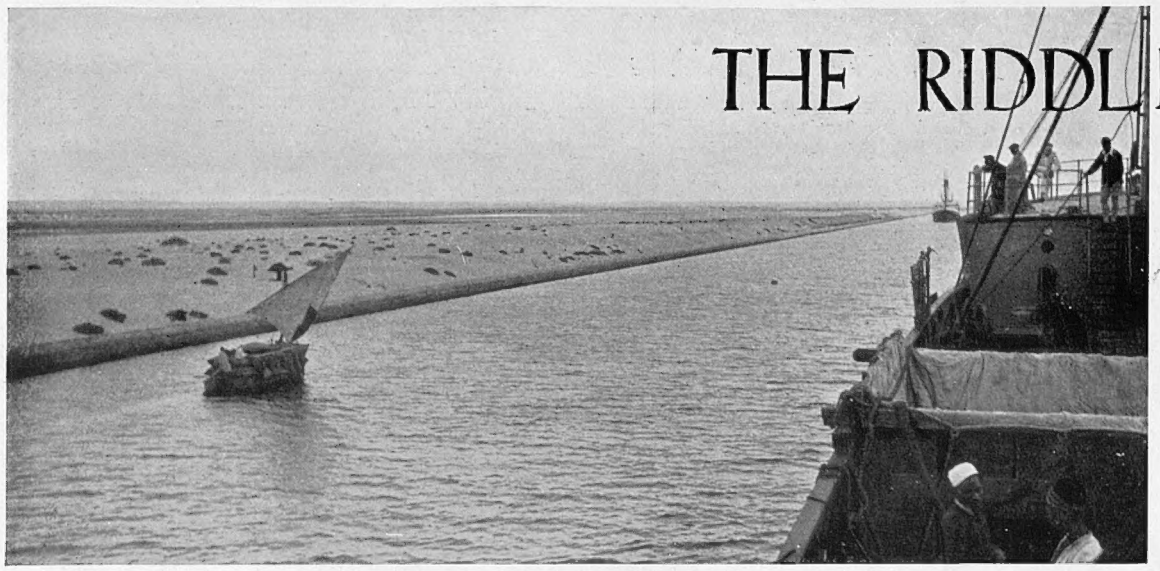
THE ANNUAL RALLY OF THE NAZI PARTY AT NUREMBERG: The scene in the Luitpoldhain (a park converted into a giant stadium) as Chancellor Hitler addressed a vast assembly consisting of 75,000 storm troops (S.A.), 16,000 black uniformed special guards (S.S.), 10,000 men of the Nazi motor corps, and over 100,000 members of the general public

ERVICE: Bruno and Vit- (r) seen on board the Port Said during their eir flying corps units

M. LITVINOFF ON THE ROSTRUM: The Soviet Foreign Minister making a speech to the League Assembly in which he denounced the tendencies of Italian policy and supported the Covenant

FAREWELL ON THE QUAYSIDE BEFORE THE TROOPSHIP LEFT: An Italian soldier spending his last few moments with his mother prior to embarking with some four thousand other troops on the *Saturnia* at Naples

THE PRUSSIAN PREMIER IN JOVIAL MOOD: General Göring shaking hands with a Standard Leader during the seventh Nazi Party Rally, which brought together National Socialists from all parts of the country and taxed Nuremberg's accommodation to the limit



IS IT A TRUMP CARD IN THE HANDS OF THE LEAGUE? The Suez Canal, the closing of which is glibly suggested in certain quarters. In the accompanying article Mr. Patrick Thompson discusses the legal aspect of the question which is much more complicated than many realise

THE RIDDLE OF SUEZ

With War Threatening in East Africa the Question Arises, Can the League Order the Canal to be Closed to Troopships?

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

THE Suez Canal has so often been called the British Empire's jugular vein, that some people find it difficult to become accustomed to the notion that the one-hundred-mile man-made waterway linking Europe to the Orient functions in the same role for the Italian Empire (such as it is).

In fact, the term "Imperial jugular" is apter applied to Italy than to Britain. For if the canal were closed to Britain, her ships could still comfortably sail around the toe of Africa (and, if necessary, start to blast a way through from the Suez end); while Italy would have to get out of the Mediterranean first, and the western bottleneck would not be easy to pass if a powerful fleet barred the way.

Of course, there remains the air. But air machines are not yet large enough to take the place of ships. If the canal line to her African colonies were closed, Italy's air fleets would not be 10 per cent. effective in ensuring adequate communications between home base and colonial war zone.

Hence the fascination which the idea of closing the Suez Canal exercises upon the advocates of sanctions in the Italo-Abyssinian affair. To strong-arm imperialist and puling pacifist alike, the canal looks like the trump to beat Mussolini's ace. Bang the Port Said gate in Italy's face and her war with Abyssinia—if she proceeds to war—will end a week later. The only fly in that ointment is some doubt among statesmen and international law experts, if not among the enthusiasts aforesaid, in regard to (a) the legality of such a proceeding, and (b) the subsequent effect in the world as distinct from the effect on Italy.

A little history illuminates the general picture. De Lesseps got the concession in '54, when his friend, Said Pasha, became Viceroy of Egypt, and twelve years later he managed to induce the Turk overlord to confirm the concession, which runs for ninety-nine years. His was the will; but the idea was already more than 2,500 years old. Egyptian Pharaoh, Roman Cæsar, and Arab caliph, dug, re-dug, or serviced waterways cut across the isthmus between Asia and Africa. Abu Ja'far blocked the ditch in A.D. 770 to stop supplies reaching his Arabian enemies. Haroun al-Raschid planned a canal, but dropped the project for fear it would bring the Byzantine Navy down upon his kingdom. The Venetians would have made a canal in the fifteenth century, but the apprehensive Turks stopped them. Louis XIV and Napoleon both had the ground surveyed. When at last De Lesseps pulled the modern canal out of the realm of dreams into the practical world of concessions, politics, finance, and engineering, it was not a conqueror's plan, or an imperialist's scheme that materialised, but an item in the St. Simeon Society's programme for world regeneration.

Palmerston's Britain was hostile, ridiculed the canal project, and refused to subscribe for a single share in the original issue of 400,000 shares of 500 francs apiece. Disraeli's Britain retrieved that error, acquiring the Khedive's 176,602 shares for £4,000,000. It has turned out to be a nice investment. The shares are valued now at £84,000,000, and have earned £43,000,000 in dividends to date.

The waterway involved in the Italo-Abyssinian-League contretemps, then, is an Egyptian company, whose property, valued in the market at £120,000,000, passes to the Egyptian Government in thirty-three years' time in default of other arrangements. The British Government owns 44 per cent. of the share capital, most of the balance being held in France, but not by the French Government, which does not own a share. The enterprise is managed in Egypt, has its London offices at 6 Bishopsgate, and holds its monthly board meetings in Paris. Around the table at 1, rue d'Astorg, gather twenty-one Frenchmen, ten Britishers, and a Dutchman, under the presidency of M. le Marquis de Vogue. Only three of the British directors represent the British Government, the other seven representing British shipping and commercial interests (they supply 60 per cent. of the total traffic of the canal).

Up to 1888 the position of the canal in the event of international complications remained too uncertain to be comfortable. Navigation on it was suspended for four days in the summer of '82—six years after the purchase of the Khedive's shares—at the instance of Sir Garnet Wolseley, who was getting ready for the Tel-el-Kebir battle. That incident brought the question to a head. Six years later Britain, Germany, Austria, Spain, France, Italy, Russia, the Netherlands, and Turkey, got together at Constantinople and signed the Convention which assured that the canal would "always be free and open in time of war as in time of peace to every vessel of commerce or of war, without distinction of flag."

Britain, signing, made a reservation in regard to her imperial interests in Egypt, but almost washed it out by the Anglo-French agreement of 1904. The canal to all intents and purposes was put above national politics and feuds.

Two incidents tested the inviolability of the canal under the new "world law." The first occurred in 1904. Japan and Russia were at war. Britain was strongly pro-Japanese; Russia was the traditional enemy, coveting India. The Russians sent their fleet around Europe to engage the Japanese fleet. On its way across the North Sea the fleet encountered some British trawlers and fired on them. The British were furious. Demands arose that the British should block the Russian fleet at Suez. But statesmanship prevailed. The Russian fleet steamed through the canal, paying its dues in the ordinary way of business.

Again, in 1914, some German ships reached the canal before the British naval craft could round them up. The British were camped on the canal banks. They had fortified works there. The Navy was on duty there. But not a shot was fired at the German craft, and not an enemy soldier or sailor boarded them. The canal was neutral, in accordance with the 1888 convention, which forbids acts of hostility within its waters. Britain sat on and around the canal, but if a German ship could get there it could go through. That was not much consolation, since it would be grabbed the other end (for "free passage" does not mean "sanctuary"; you have to keep moving); but the fact remains that the canal, from first to last, was kept open to the vessels of any nation, "enemy" or "allied."

Mussolini claims that this status remains unaltered. In July Mrs. Meloney, the American journalist and editor, had an interview with him in Rome, and asked him if there were any complications in the treaty of 1888 which gave Britain the right to close the canal for the protection of the Nile sources at Lake Tana in Abyssinia. The Duce replied: "The legal status of the Suez Canal has been established by International treaties which protect the rights of all Powers party thereto, so as to prevent every possible misunderstanding and, furthermore, the taking of a unilateral course by any single Power."

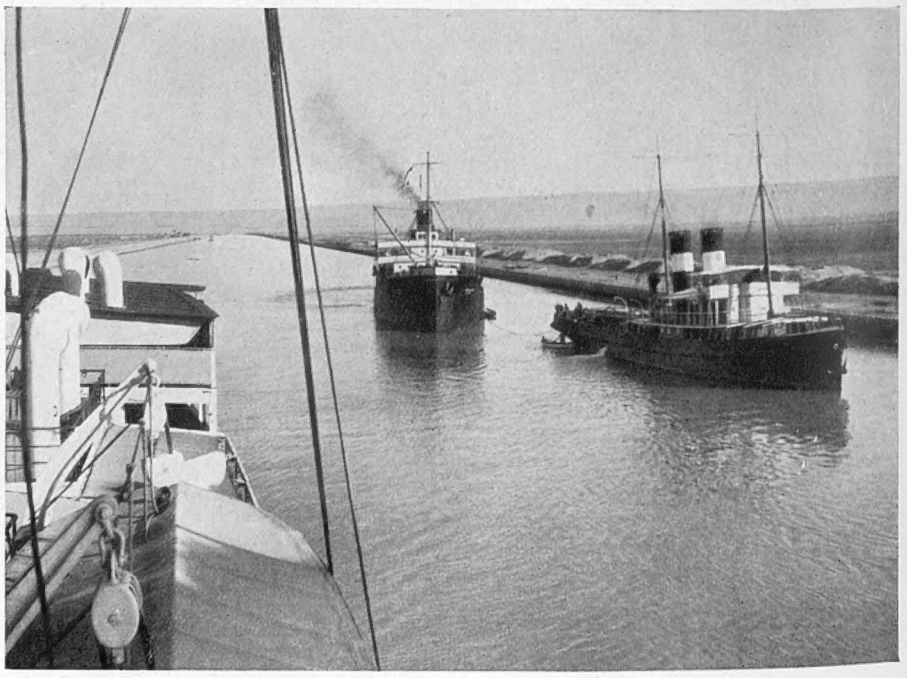
That would be Italy's case in a real world court, and doubtless the Duce's legal experts would argue that, as far as the League is concerned, there is no case, because Abyssinia has not fulfilled the membership conditions, and cannot properly be regarded as a League member. Whereupon arguments would ensue which might go on for years, until the lawyers retired rich, and the witnesses died of old age.

On the face of it it would appear that the 1888 Convention is overruled by the Covenant of the League, and in particular Article XVI. Under the latter article any member resorting to war "in disregard of its covenants under Articles XII, XIII, or XV" is outlawed. All other League members undertake to subject the outlaw immediately, not only to the severance of all trade and financial relations, but also to "the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking member of the League, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking member of the League and the nationals of any other State, whether a member of the League or not."

Here is the ground in law—if the law of the Covenant stands and overrides and virtually washes out all preceding international agreements which may conflict with it—for the denying of free passage through the canal to Italy. The members of the board of the Suez Canal are nationals of States which are League members. They must obey the ukase of their respective governments under any general League order instructing that the canal be closed to Italy, Britain to see that the order is executed.

The Egyptian Government might protest. It has a clear interest in the canal. The canal becomes its property after November 17, 1968, failing other arrangements, and the Government might say that it contemplates then granting a new concession to Italy. But Britain will never allow control of India, and all her colonies and dominions and possessions eastwards to the Pacific, to be lost through the control of the canal passing to another Power; so this little side issue may be dismissed from the practical politics of the position.

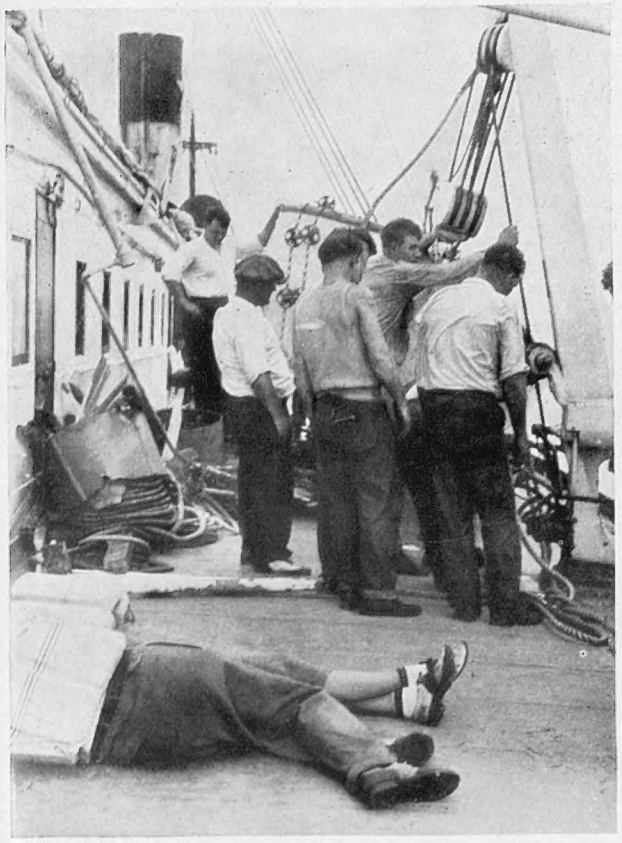
In short, if the Covenant is law it looks as if the canal could be closed to Italy with every appearance of legality.



On right—THE GATEWAY TO THE ORIENT: Cargo steamers in the Suez Canal

IN THE WAKE OF THE FLORIDA HURRICANE

Scenes of Devastation on Land and Sea

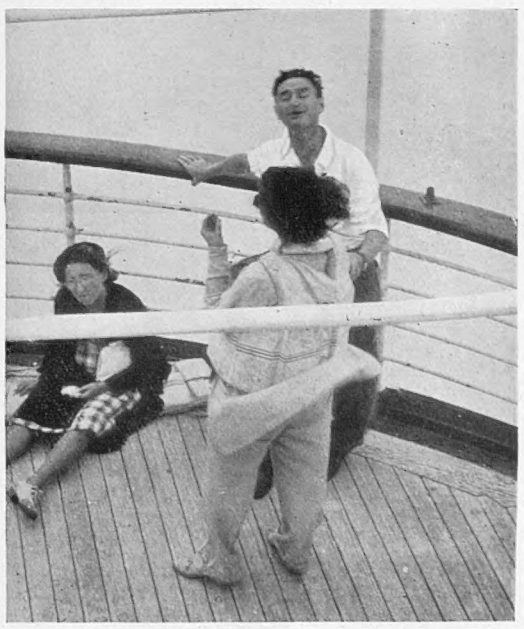


BUFFETED BY MOUNTAINOUS WAVES AND ROARING WINDS: Members of the crew of the 8,000-ton American luxury liner *Dixie*, engaged in repairing battered lifeboat gear after the vessel had been driven by the 80 m.p.h. hurricane on to the French reef, 4½ miles from the Florida coast. The *Dixie*, which was bound from New Orleans to New York, was carrying 235 passengers, none of whom could be transferred to rescue vessels until the sea had subsided. Two 3rd class passengers are seen in this picture lying on the deck after they had been forced from their cabins by the rising water

NATURE'S ONSLAUGHT: A ruined hotel on Matecumbe Key where over 100 men were reported killed and 35 were injured. The loss of life on this island was greater than on any of the others as a result of the wrecking of a camp used by several hundreds of army veterans who were working on a Federal scheme for building roads along the Keys. Some of the survivors stated that they saw houses lifted from their foundations and carried for several yards before dropping to the ground

THE MORNING AFTER: Partly-wrecked huts and fallen trees on Long Key, where damage was done to property but where there was no loss of life

A PLAYTHING OF THE WINDS: This train, which was bringing relief to the stricken population on the Keys, was swept from the lines at Snake Creek, when it was caught by the tail-end of the hurricane. Fortunately no more than two people were killed, but the destruction of stores and medical supplies created a serious position



WAITING TO ABANDON SHIP: Passengers on the stranded luxury liner *Dixie*, who were unable to take to the boats until the sea subsided

STORM ON THE SOUTH COAST: Heavy seas breaking over the front at Hastings, one of many resorts where the gales reached almost hurricane force this week. At Eastbourne boats, kiosks, and bathing huts were smashed, trees were blown down, and shop windows broken; while at Littlehampton the damage was almost equally severe

PEDESTRIANS BATTLE WITH THE GALE: A typical scene on Blackfriars Bridge on Tuesday morning when there was a sixty m.p.h. gale blowing along the river

THE COST OF A GALE

The Enormous Expenses in which Coastal Towns are Annually Involved in Repairing their Sea Defences After Rough Weather

GALES, such as that which this week battered the whole length of our coastal defences, provide a perpetual problem for the science of pigmy man. Before such a bombardment, reaching at times to hurricane force, the last word on the adequacy of our coastal defences is apt to pass from the engineer to his perpetual adversary, the sea.

The maintenance of our sea defences falls largely upon those living or owning land along the coasts. It is a far heavier one than is generally known.

Hull, for instance, has a perpetual problem in keeping the Humber at bay, one that involves the local ratepayers in heavy expenditure for concrete sea walls, the alternative to which is too well known to all. Demolish Hull's sea defences and the city would be under water in a year.

In Norfolk, the maul of the sea has already snatched from the land many smiling villages—such villages and townships as Freshmerk, Hartburn, and Dunwich, the last once an important town returning two Members.

These towns, like that vast piece of Sussex that lies submerged off Selsea Bill, were filched from the land in pre-steel-and-concrete days.

A modern chart of this coastal stretch marks The Park, and in summer, so fishermen say, the watery park that was once the property of the Bishops of Chichester can be discerned beneath the clear waters.

Seen in pleasant summer weather—which is when most people see them—our coastal defences look impregnable enough, They appear invincible, as does an army in the absence of the enemy.

Take Dover, which came in for its full share this week. Here the vast fortifications withstood the charge of the waters, but what margin of safety stood between security and great damage only an engineer could say.

It was when the Admiralty Pier was being built that a great gale demonstrated the limits of man's mightiest engineering efforts. The storm shifted a part of the sea wall of solid concrete weighing tens of thousands of tons.

So, too, at Petershead not long since, the waves lifted and carried for considerable distances concrete blocks, each one weighing 40 tons.

Little wonder, then, with such an enemy, the cost of defence runs high.

On normal stretches of our coasts where sea defences are necessary, either in the form of timber groynes or concrete sea works, the average cost per mile per annum exceeds £2,000. In many parts, however, the figure is very much higher.

Minehead, for instance, had to find no less than £30,000 to salve a single mile of menaced coast. An even larger sum had to be spent by the corporation of Blackpool, a town that reckons it a lucky year when its sea defence costs are no higher than £6,000. Not long ago the council voted no less than £64,000 for such work.

To what height do waves attain when a gale approximates to hurricane force, as was the case this week?

One report speaks of waves rising as high as 60 ft. at Ovingdean Gap, where the wind reached, in gusts, eighty miles an hour.

Actually, the height of waves is generally over-estimated, though, in this case, there is clear evidence of the astonishing fact.

Probably the highest wave ever measured with scientific precision was that recorded by Sir James Douglas, famous builder of lighthouses.

He recorded how, while he was in the Bishop's Rock lighthouse during a terrible gale, gravel from the sea bed was cast up on the lighthouse platform 120 ft. above sea level and 270 ft. above the sea bed.

Though at many points along the coast the battle seems to go against the defenders, the odds against them are being shortened every year by improved materials and technique of construction.

The old timber groyne, costing £4 a yard to erect, and further heavy outlay for maintenance, is being replaced in many parts by ferro-concrete sea works.

At the Building Research Station, Watford, exhaustive experiments are now being conducted in the quest for the perfect erosion-resisting ferro-concrete.

When this has been found pigmy man will oppose the giant forces of Nature with a new weapon; but it is doubtful if his bill of costs will decline much in the years to come.

G. G.

PREPARING FOR THE GREAT DAY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: Chinese and English experts unpacking bronzes from the Peking Palace Collection (*left*), and checking them (*right*) in preparation for the Royal Academy Exhibition of Chinese Art, which is to be held from November, 1935, to March, 1936, and will include a representative selection of treasures illustrating the art and culture of China from early times down to A.D. 1800. Standing second from left in the left-hand picture is Sir Percival David of the Royal Academy, who visited Peking to select some of the exhibits

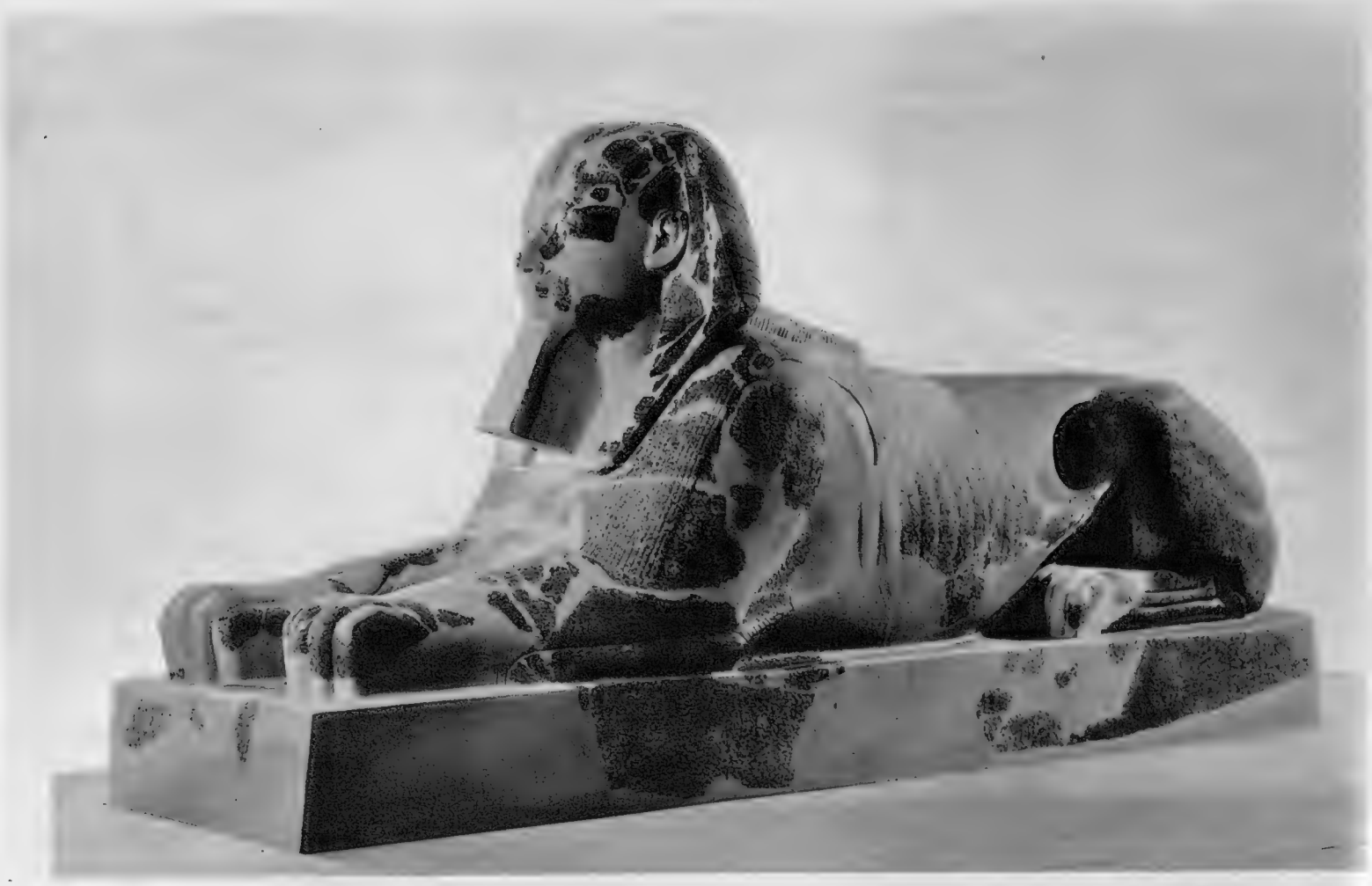
EXTERIOR DECORATION: A housewife renewing the vividly coloured frieze running round the upper part of the walls of her picturesque, whitewashed home. The motif of the frieze follows the traditional floral design from which the peasants seldom deviate

HOUSE PRIDE IN HUNGARY

The Peasant Folk and their Beautifully-kept Homes

TREASURED HEIRLOOMS: These flower-patterned plates, which have probably been in the possession of the same family for generations, make wonderful mural decorations and show up strikingly against the white background of the walls

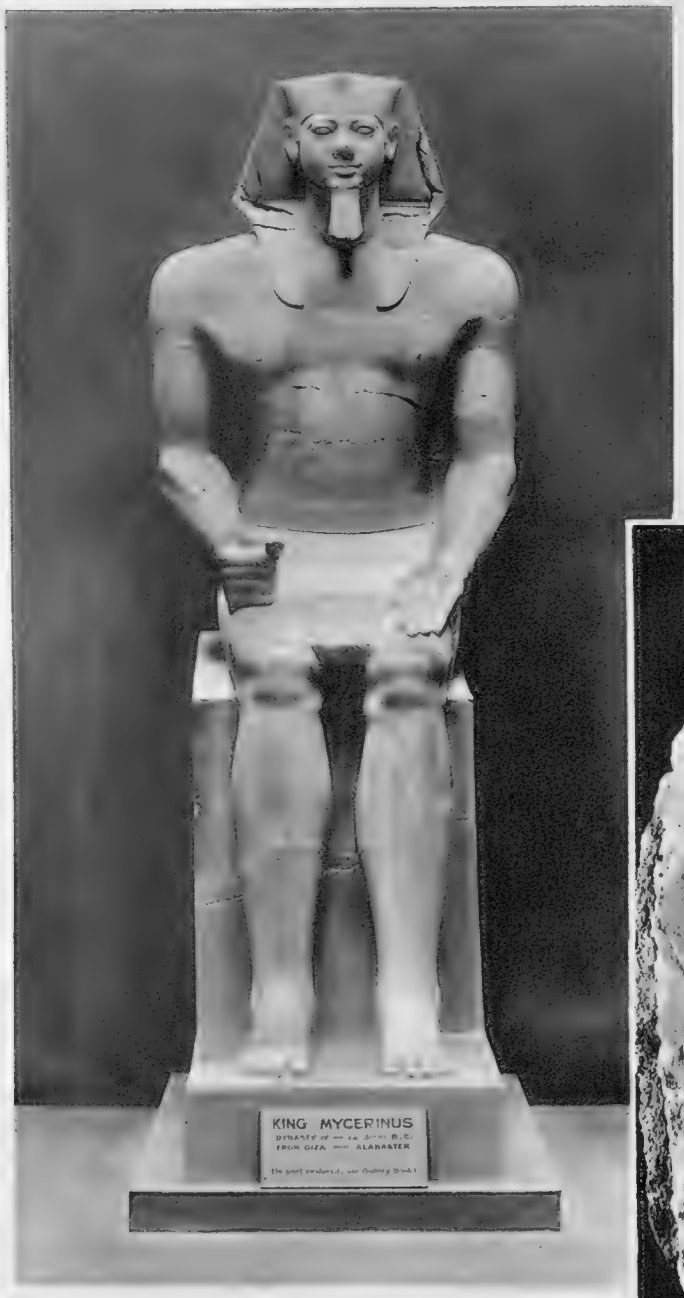
PEASANT ARTS AND CRAFTS: A living room with hand-painted furniture, and home-made lace adorning the table and bed linen. Note the date, 1935, worked into the design at the foot of the bedstead



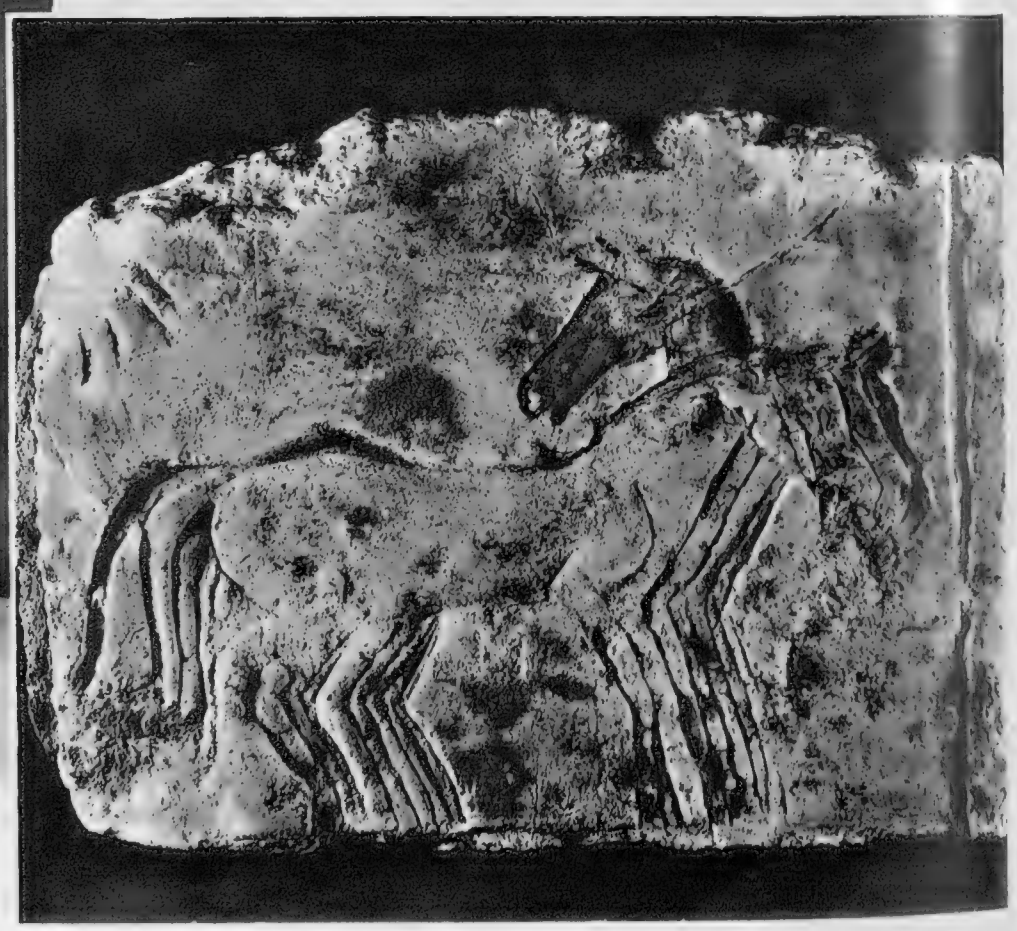
RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE SPLENDOUR: This sphinx of the 18th dynasty, a treasured possession of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, has recently been placed on view in the main entrance hall. The figure, with its lithe, muscular lion's body and proudly erect Pharaoh's head, has undergone many vicissitudes. It appears that it represented the rulership of Queen Kemaré-Hatshepsut and that when Thutmosis III expelled her from the throne he sent a wrecking gang to break the sphinx in two and smash off the head. The latter was rolled into a quarry, where a fire was built upon it in an attempt to obliterate the features. Later the figure was again discovered and again mutilated, and it is remarkable that it has been possible to restore it so completely

ANTIQUITIES OF EGYPT

In American Museums



On left—A RULER OF THE FOURTH DYNASTY: This alabaster statue of King Mycerinus or Mencheres (circa 2800–2750 B.C.), the builder of the third pyramid of Gizeh, was found in fragments a quarter of a century ago by Professor Reisner, Director of the Egyptian Expedition jointly organised by Harvard University and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. When the pieces were assembled the figure was found to be without feet, but now at long last it has been possible to repair this deficiency as a result of the discovery of one of the missing toes among the fragments in storage at Boston Museum. For from this the other lost portions were made to scale, and the statue now has a much more finished appearance



On right—FROM A STABLE WALL AT TELL-EL-AMARNA: A limestone relief brought to light by the Egyptian Exploration Society and recently placed on view in the Wilbour Memorial Hall of Egyptology at Brooklyn Museum, New York

THE "FLYING CLIPPER" AND THE "BOEING 299": Two Giant American Record Breakers

ITS AERODROME THE SEVEN SEAS: Flying boats for civil and military use are being built in increasing numbers, and both in England and the United States it is now generally recognised that they are superior to landplanes for the protection of trade routes and the development of trans-ocean air services. This picture shows Pan-American Airways' new *Flying Clipper*, which on its first commercial flight from Alameda, California, to Honolulu, Hawaii, covered the 2,100 miles in 17 hrs. 9 mins. The *Flying Clipper* was built by the Glenn L. Martin Company, of Baltimore; its weight is approximately 25 tons, and it can carry fifty passengers. On journeys across the Pacific, however, accommodation is only provided for fourteen passengers and for no more than a ton of cargo or mails

SHOOTING ACROSS THE CONTINENT: The *Boeing 299* (a new type of four-engined bomber) passing snow-capped Mount Rainier during its record-breaking flight at an average speed of 232 m.p.h. from Seattle, Washington, to Dayton, Ohio, prior to being submitted to the United States Air Corps to be tested in open competition with other machines. It is said to be America's largest military or commercial landplane, and its equipment includes four 700-h.p. Pratt and Whitney engines, and three-bladed Hamilton Standard constant speed propellers

The Missing Murder Film

The French Authorities Refuse to Release the Newsreel of the Marseilles Assassinations, and by Persisting in their Attitude Prevent Three Men from Receiving Justice

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ONE YEAR has all but elapsed since the double assassination of King Alexander and Monsieur Barthou at Marseilles. Most countries prefer to be rid of their murderers at the earliest possible moment, but there are exceptions, and two of these happen to be France and the United States, each, curiously enough, in civilisation's van. The Americans beat all records for all time when they electrocuted Sacco and Vanzetti after holding them for seven years. They seem to be toying with Hauptmann in something of the same manner now. France's best, so far, has been Landru, who was conserved from April, 1919, until February, 1922.

Reflections which come to one on wondering what may be the ultimate fate of the three Croats, Pospichil, Raitch, and Kraljimio, who are lingering in Aix-en-Provence prison charged with complicity with the cut down "Kelemem" in the Marseilles murders, and who have just entered protest against their *mise-en-accusation*, which will have the effect of dragging out matters a lot more.

It may as well be said outright that, going by English law, there seems to be no visible case against the three accused who might have been detained, with us, but would probably never have reached the police court. But they order these matters differently in France where considerations of high politics and of police prestige have, in the present instance, seriously compromised the three arrested Croats' struggle with Justice, "struggle" being the word. To begin with, Yugoslavia is rated not only *un ami de la France* (you must be either that or *un ennemi*, to be regarded and dealt by accordingly), but *un très grand ami*, etc. Therefore, after a sublime negligence, an unbelievable lightness, had been perpetrated, leading to the Serb Hero-King's death, it behoved the Republic to make the one amend possible, namely, to busy itself extraordinarily with a view to making arrests and securing at any rate a trial of some description. Pursuing which worthy idea, it was even possible for ex-Premier Paul-Boncour (a Balkan fan) to emerge as counsel for the widowed Queen who, it was hoped, would attend at any trial that might ensue (this is no longer thought to be likely).

Secondly, the Sûreté Générale has such international reputation to sustain, is so bound up with prestige, that it simply had to offer some kind of fare, some kind of a *procès*, after the appalling mess and inky smudge that was Marseilles. In passing, it may be that the "thriller"-mongers have a good deal to do with the Sûreté's fantastic reputation, in so far as the concrete animation of Justice is concerned. After twelve months this branch has not yet discovered the real identity of "Kelemem" which rather cramps things. They thought he was one Georguieff and then they thought he was another missing anarchist, Velitchko, and on each of these being reported alive and kicking, they now think the assassin is somebody else. A reliable book recently appeared in which "Kelemem's" real name was given as Tchernosemsky, the author (who knew him) adding that the assassin was moody and reading all the time. Abstainers also please note that "he neither drank nor smoked and was a vegetarian. In fact, he once said he could not kill an animal." However: we were saying that the Sûreté simply had to put up some form of *procès*. Recollect succinctly what had supervened:—

When it became known that Alexander was to land in the heart of Europe's most extremist, vicious and uncontrolled port, instead of in more or less assured safety down the coast at Toulon or Juan, it was too much for even the notorious Marseilles Socialist Municipality which volunteered not to stand in the way of troops lining the route and, further, offered to arrange for twenty local cyclist-police to ride surrounding the royal car. If this last had been done, "Kelemem" could never have reached the running-board. Yet how did the Paris Sûreté which had taken charge, "react"? It told (as we should say) the Marseilles Municipality to go and bury itself, with the result that the two guests of the day were buried instead.

In the wild fusillade that followed the first shots from "Kelemem's" special automatic, two women were killed and five other spectators wounded. According to the law of the country, both the Procureur of the Republic and the local examining magistrate should at once have repaired to the scene of the tragedy and made "the usual constatations." They did not do so, but instead went to incline themselves before the bodies. No judicial report, therefore, was drawn up at the time, a circumstance which alone, under English law, no doubt, would render all subsequent proceedings invalid. Four months later, on the gravity of their lapse becoming stressed, the magistrates did draw up a report, but it clarified nothing: merely mentioned the visits to Alexander's and Barthou's bodies. So much for what transpired judicially on the spot.

THE ASSASSIN: "Petrus Kelemem," who killed King Alexander of Yugoslavia and M. Louis Barthou in the streets of Marseilles, and a moment afterwards was lynched by the infuriated mob. Neither his true identity nor his nationality have as yet been established

In the wider realm, things were much more active. In Paris, fifteen Yugoslavs were put under lock and key as "suspect of lacking sympathy for the Belgrade Government"; Inspector Bartelet was dispatched to Switzerland, Italy, Austria and Hungary with a view to routing out the plot and plotters; French agents in these and other countries promptly poured in their anarchist dossiers to headquarters; the Yugoslav police contributed liberally to the same documentation; every French Legation and Consulate felt impelled to forward what it knew, too; finally, the Quai d'Orsay "emptied all its dossiers concerning Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Hungary."

Results of the above:—

The fifteen Paris prisoners were freed because nobody would undertake to charge them.

Inspector Bartelet was informed in the countries he visited that they were perfectly well able to conduct their own policing and would be gladder of his room than of his presence.

The dossier avalanche from all quarters was directed on M. Ducup de Saint-Paul, Marseilles examining magistrate, "the effect being completely to drown him under." M. Ducup de Saint-Paul has only one clerk, and even he is a temporary assistant, an ex-adjutant of aviation, with but 300 francs salary a month. Moreover, at the beginning of each probing, the magistrate has to lose five minutes swearing his clerk in.

Is Balzac dead in French life? How he would have revelled in that scene in the dingy Marseilles bureau reeking of *paperasse!* The murder of a monarch of world import. The murder of a Minister who was engaged in redrawing the alliances and balance of power in Europe. A tremendous hullaballoo in search of accomplices and anarchists. A mountain of reports from all directions. And the whole ballyhoo coming down to this dingy duet of a M. Ducup de Saint-Paul and his amateur clerk, the one swearing the other in afresh each time, and then once more into the dizzy irrelevant, meaningless paper avalanche! And everything laboriously written out and annotated by hand. One sees that scene so vividly. The magistrate and his underpaid clerk, the scrawl, scrawl, and, stacked high, the red-taped bundles of dossiers still to be ploughed through.

A fourth result was the arrest of Pospichil, Raitch, and Kraljimio. Chiefly, they were Croats who had been seen in the local Bouches-du-Rhone Department and were unable to give testimony of being employed. As usual, a beautiful blond person was written into their story, and it was given about that this mystery woman was the brains of the plot. Whenever it is desirable to lead the newspapers away from too pressing circumstance, whenever their sleuths threaten to get "hot," all one has to do is to engender a beautiful blond mystery woman and: *ça y est*. But she must be beautiful and she must be blond, no use having an attractive brunette.

It is at this stage that events quit the tragi-farcical and grow serious. Maître Georges Desbons insists that he can produce witnesses to testify that his clients, Pospichil and Raitch, did not arrive in Marseilles until after the crime, while as for Kraljimio, his statement that he was nowhere near the scene has not been weakened by anyone coming forward and claiming to have seen him there. The three Croats have, despite temptation and other "grilling," resolutely maintained their innocence. Nevertheless, with apparently not a jot of genuine proof against them, matters have so fallen out that the men have been charged with murder.

The murder charge arose in the following manner. As we have seen, no legal "constatation" of how the seven casualties among the spectators were caused, was ever made, owing to the authorities having admittedly neglected their duty. The whole shooting from beginning to end—four dead, five wounded—was purely and simply attributed to the dead "Kelemem." Accordingly, when the three Croats were arrested and charged with complicity with "Kelemem" in the murder of King Alexander and Monsieur Barthou, they also fell automatically under the parallel charge of murdering the two women spectators and of the attempted murder of the five others. That is the present position.

Yet, so far, the Croats' defender has not even been able to arrange for his clients to be interrogated on the capital charge preferred against them—this, nearly one year after the crime. Not until June, after many months of requesting, did Maître Desbons obtain satisfaction to the extent of the examining magistrate agreeing to establish a plan of the scene of the shooting, indicating the position of the killed and injured on the testimony of witnesses. A subaltern of infantry, without qualification, was deputed to draw up this highly intricate plan—though why the army was called in over the heads of experts can only, for Maître Desbons, be a matter for conjecture. Anyway, he says the plan is entirely superfluous and that if only justice were given a little look-in, his clients would at once be freed. For there exists a film of the whole shooting, which, if turned in slow motion, would place matters beyond doubt.

How that film was stopped in various capitals will be remembered. London was permitted to see but a section of it; Paris, nothing at all. But the celluloid was smuggled through to New York in full. The Sûreté quickly pounced on the only remaining roll on this side. It still possesses that

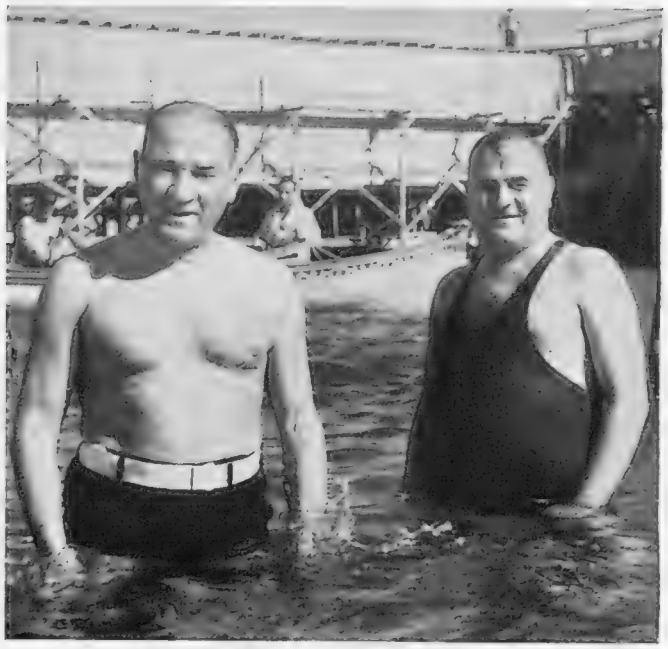
(Continued on p. 458)

TOO LATE! The dramatic picture showing a cavalry officer striking down "Kelemem" from the running board of the car in which King Alexander was driving. The newsreel of the tragedy was more detailed, and it is believed that if this were shown to a jury it would not only vindicate three men who are charged with being accomplices of the assassin but would reveal much that is to the discredit of the French police

A Sphere Survey

News from France, Austria, Turkey, and Yugoslavia

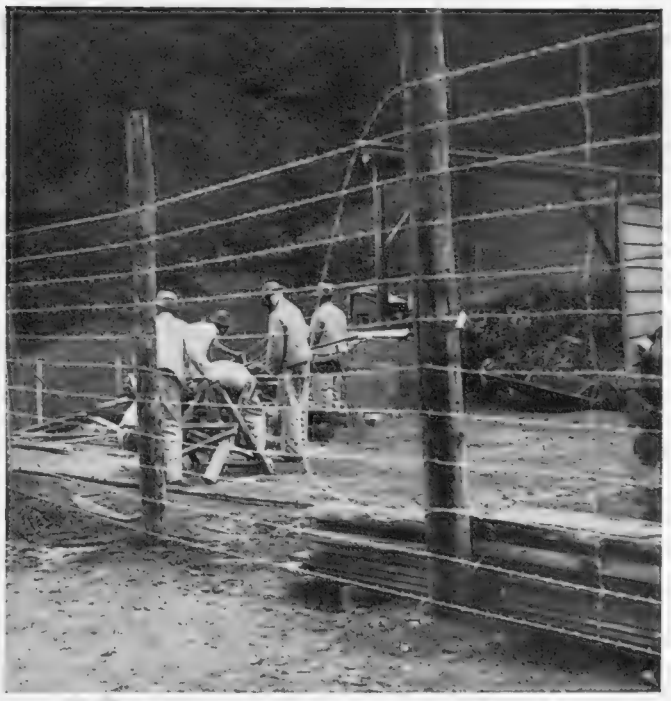
IN HONOUR OF THE BOY KING: Prince Paul (right), Chief Regent of Yugoslavia, and General Zhivkovitch, the War Minister, watching the parade of troops held in Belgrade on September 6 in celebration of the twelfth birthday of Peter II who, it will be remembered, succeeded to the throne nearly a year ago following the assassination of his father at Marseilles. After the march past there was a thanksgiving service in Belgrade Cathedral



A DICTATOR RELAXES: Mustapha Kemal (left), or Attaturk as he prefers to be called, bathing during a recent holiday on the Bosphorus. The Turkish Republic, which he has guided so efficiently through the post-war years, continues to make strides and, with the Budget balanced, the outlook is decidedly hopeful

FRANCE HONOURS A DISTINGUISHED SON: The French President speaking at Fort Souville, after the unveiling of the memorial to André Maginot, who served his country in the Great War, first as a sergeant in an infantry regiment and afterwards as the War Minister who established the series of frontier fortifications which came to be known as the Maginot Line

TÊTE-A-TÊTE AT THE SALZBURG FESTIVAL: Marina Chaliapin, a daughter of the famous Russian singer, and Count Paul F. Schönborn, a member of an old German family, seen together at the Café Bazar—a popular rendezvous in the city



AUSTRIA ROUNDS UP HER VAGRANTS: Two pictures taken at the prison camp at Schloegen which has been built by the Heimwehr Governor of Upper Austria to accommodate some of the thousands of beggars who have been plaguing the province during the past few years. The prisoners are aroused at 6 a.m. and have to work most of the day until lights out at 9. The cost of feeding each man is limited to six shillings a week, and the funds for running the camp are being raised by a special tax of threepence a year imposed upon every citizen. The extension of the scheme to Vienna is said to be now under consideration

BEING PREPARED: A member of the Emperor's bodyguard practising on the rifle ranges outside Addis Ababa

THE ABYSSINIAN OUTLOOK

How the People Will React to an Invasion

By ROSITA FORBES

(An Article continued from "The Sphere" of Sept. 14)

Curiously enough, the Abyssinian has none of the qualities of the average mountaineer. Typical of his dual nature, the sportsman and the gossip, the warrior and the drone, he carries a parasol and a rifle, but the latter is usually dirty. He is not thrifty. On the fertile tablelands between the watersheds of the Nile and the Takkazye, on sheltered ledges between the peaks of Simyen and Lasta, cotton grows in profusion. In the Feterari Tabaja's village, Talla, within sight of Lake Tsana, I saw a hut stacked with raw cotton, and the owner of it remarked, "I do nothing to my plants. I just leave them alone and they bear three crops a year. Now (in March) the country is white with their bloom and I shall not even pick it. What can I do? My house is already full of it." To the suggestion that he could get a good price in Addis Ababa the Feterari replied, "That is far away."

In the 800 miles of mountain and valley which lie between the Italian headquarters at Adi Quala and the capital, Addis Ababa, there is little if any store of grain. Three times a year the peasants harvest their patches of shimbura, mashile and durra. No

On right—THE RIVER TAKKAZE IN THE DRY SEASON: Typical country in the province of Tigré, through which, in the event of war, the Italians will advance on their way to the interior. Lord Napier crossed this region in 1868 when he made his epoch-making march to Magdala in order to release the sixty Europeans imprisoned by King Theodore

No Abyssinian asks "What do you think of our country?" He doesn't want to know. Satisfied with himself and his way of doing things, he is wholly uninterested in foreign affairs, foreign methods, or the opinion of those foreigners who cross his limited horizon. He has no desire for education and no consciousness of inferiority, for he has never suffered from a foreign dominion which, by stimulating his racial instincts and his lust for independence, would have spurred him both to unity and to progress.

As it is, the Emperor's rule is effective only so far as his soldiers can enforce it. North of the Blue Nile, east and northeast of Lake Tsana, each province is more or less autonomous. So in case of war the advantage represented by the formation of the country is likely to be mitigated by the nature of the people. For the Abyssinian is not aware of change. He has no conception of modern armaments. His mind has remained in the days of Adowa. It is most unlikely that he will profit by the possession of a terrain ideal for guerrilla warfare. Obsessed by the success of forty years ago, he sees no reason why he should not repeat it against a mechanical army with the latest equipment and the experience gained in the Great War.

On left—ETHIOPIAN LANCERS: A well-drilled force of cavalry drawn up on the parade ground at Addis Ababa

JOINING THE COLOURS: Recruits assembled in the Ethiopian capital before being issued with uniforms and despatched to join the armies in the northern province of Tigré

woman may sow the grain or drive a plough, lest the land become sterile. She may help in the reaping, but the rest of the farm-work must be done by the men. Even war cannot interrupt the tenure of village life in which each household works just hard enough to supply its own needs. The land belongs to the whole family. From it they wrench the sparse nutriment which, added to the insensate length and number of fasts, the dirt, extremes of climate and hereditary diseases, reduce their physical and muscular development.

An enemy invasion may temporarily unite the northern provinces. It may make Abyssinian patriots out of men who speak different languages and whose interests so far have been confined to exploiting travelling merchants and plotting against their local officials, but even patriots must eat.

Adowa would never have been won if Baratari had delayed his advance. Hourly, the Abyssinian armies were dwindling as hunger or indifference sent the riflemen back to their villages. It was March and harvest time. In vain the priests called upon the fighting Saints, Gorgis and Mikael. If the Italians had waited, there would have been no soldiers to oppose them, only farmers scattered among their grain.

"That is the Habashi way," say the Abyssinians when they want to put an end to discussion. The "Habashi" way has not changed since 1896.

The Italians will make their spectacular advance to Adowa. With roads growing behind them and a rope railway to bridge the ravines, with modern guns, gas, tanks and planes, they will face a host of white-shawled peasants, half of them with muzzle-loading rifles, none of them with ammunition for more than one battle. There may be slaughter on a modern scale. For the Abyssinians will probably attempt to repeat the tactics of last century instead of trusting to their impregnable mountains, where a few hundred snipers could immobilise an army. Simultaneously, from Italian Somaliland, a force equipped with mechanical transport may advance in a few days to the solitary railway linking Harrar with Addis Ababa. There is only one bridge crossing the River Hawash. With its destruction communications cease. The South would be paralysed.

After the slaughter in the North, after the rebellion which may flame through the disorganised South, the duration of the war is likely to depend on the character of the mountain chieftains. France made good use of her gold in Morocco. So did England in the Arabia of 1917. It remains to be seen whether Italian money will break the resistance of headmen and provincial rulers, already shaken by armaments and engineering of which, at present, they have no conception.

Northern Abyssinia could defy the enemy for a decade, but the mountaineers lack food, ammunition, patience, leadership and knowledge of modern conditions. They are the Druses without faith, the Riffs without rifles or marksmanship, the Boers without strategy, the Senussi without knowledge of the country in which they should play the part of bats, active at night and invisible during the day. They are a courageous people who have lived all their lives in the sixteenth century and who will, the day after war is declared, find themselves most tragically in the twentieth.

THE END OF A LONG TREK: A motley throng of warriors arriving at Addis Ababa from the provinces to offer their services to the Emperor Haile Selassie

Men engaged in digging a section of the ring of trenches which is being made round the capital

IN CASE OF DISASTER

THE TRUTH ABOUT WAL-WAL

The Story of the Famous Italo-Abyssinian Incident as Recounted by a Representative of a Neutral Power

A SOMALI WARRIOR: A native soldier of the type that fought under Italian officers in the disastrous skirmish at Wal-Wal. When these tribesmen go on a campaign they refuse to carry anything but their rifles and cartridges, making their womenfolk follow with their food, water, and the rest of the equipment

It is extremely difficult to determine the rights and wrongs of the skirmish at Wal-Wal which brought into the limelight the existing differences between Italy and Abyssinia and was the direct cause of the present crisis. Considerable light is thrown on the question, however, by Mr. Ladislas Farago in his remarkably informative book, "Abyssinia on the Eve," which has just been published by Putnam's and is the product of a three-months' visit to Addis Ababa. Here the author gives the story of the Wal-Wal affair as it was told him by the representative of a neutral Power, and we now reprint it in THE SPHERE, *as it is without doubt one of the least biased descriptions that has yet been written.*

AT the beginning of December 1934, the members of the Anglo-Abyssinian Frontier Commission, who had been laying down the boundary between Abyssinia and British Somaliland, were on their way to the capital after two years' successful work. A short time before, the last stone had been laid on the frontier that adjoined British and Italian Somaliland and Abyssinia. Abyssinia and Italy were still on very good terms, and Captain Cimurratti, who was to command the Italians at Wal-Wal, came to the laying of the last stone.

The caravan of the Commission was coming back by Gerlogubi and Harrar to Diredawa, where they would take train to Addis Ababa for the signing of the treaty. They could only go slowly through the desert of Ogaden and had to make many halts. They stopped at Wal-Wal, because they knew that there was water there. This well is famous, as it is the only water supply within a radius of many miles, and for this reason it was specially mentioned in the Italo-Abyssinian Treaty of 1928, and a clause was included allowing the natives of Italian Somaliland to draw water from it.

When the Commission came to the well they found that it was not only being used by the Somalis from across the frontier, but also by a force of Italian colonial soldiers, who were installed in a camp fitted with wireless.

The leader of the Abyssinian members of the Commission, Fitorari Tessema, was the first person in authority who had visited the district for some years. He ordered the Italian soldiers to leave Abyssinian soil immediately, but the commanding officer refused to comply with the request and summoned Captain (now Major) Cimurratti by wireless. He appeared with a large force of Askaris—Italian native soldiers—from the main camp, which was stationed only thirty miles away. Cimurratti refused to arbitrate and asserted that the Italian force was acting as a guard to the well, which had been made accessible to the Italian colony only through the treaty of 1928. The Italian soldiers were only there to protect the Italian Somalis.

The Abyssinian Commission did not accept this explanation, for they saw plainly that Cimurratti could not have come up so quickly with his strong force if there had not been a large Italian encampment within the borders, for Wal-Wal lies well inside Abyssinia, 100 miles from the Italian Somaliland frontier.

It is impossible to say which side fired the first shot. It seems that Abyssinia did, for their ire was roused by this flagrant breach of their country's sovereign rights. Of course, they knew nothing about such technicalities as "flagrant breach" and "sovereign rights." They only saw that Italian soldiers had "broken into" their country, and they considered it their duty to liberate it.

The first shot was fired. The Italians replied and sent for reserves immediately. The Abyssinians sent to Gerlogubi and 800 warriors were rushed to Wal-Wal, and the struggle developed into a real battle. The Italian reinforcements came up quickly, bringing light tanks with them, and aeroplanes dropped bombs on the Abyssinians. But neither tanks nor bombs served any purpose. The Abyssinians hardly used their rifles, but drew their sabres and charged the Italians, and they succeeded in putting a tank out of action in a way that would have been impossible under European conditions of war. They stuck their spears and sabres in the caterpillar wheels of the tanks and jammed the machinery. The bombs did not do much damage because they missed their mark; the Abyssinians concealed themselves in the bush and the Italians had to throw their bombs into the blue, and later, when the enemies fought a hand-to-hand battle, the aeroplanes had to give up for fear of hitting their own men.

The Italians retreated, but returned later when the Abyssinians retired from Wal-Wal, and the district is still occupied by Italy. It looked as if war was going to break out there and then, for the Abyssinians were assembling at Gerlogubi to attack the Italians once more. The Italian camp was demoralised because the Askaris had turned against their white officers and an Italian sergeant was killed by his Somalis.

"We do not want to be independent subjects" these black soldiers said, "and we do not want to be under Italian or Abyssinian rule."

Captain Cimurratti reinstated order, but the situation looked bad for the Italians in December, and they could not have arrested an Abyssinian invasion. For the Abyssinians were intending to attack again to free their country and even to press on to Italian Somaliland. When the Emperor heard the news he forbade this plan and pacified his warriors.

The Wal-Wal affair was fought out in the presence of the English Frontier Commission. Colonel Clifford, its leader, hoisted the British flag on his tent, and they watched the battle as neutrals.

The Italian Press reported 135 killed in the battle, but actually there were over 2,300, and when there was more fighting a few weeks later, there were still more casualties. Then Mussolini stepped in. He demanded financial compensation for the casualties and that the Abyssinians should salute the Italian flag at the outpost of Wal-Wal. At the same time he mobilised the 1911–12 class of black shirts and embarked his first reinforcements for Massawa and Mogadishu. The Emperor also made his plans; he ordered his men to Ogaden, and before the first Italian troopship reached the Suez Canal, more than 100,000 warriors were on the way there. The Emperor officially denied that he had mobilised, but I saw the column of soldiers with my own eyes. Abyssinia refused both of Signor Mussolini's claims categorically, and Haile Selassie turned to the League of Nations, although Mussolini maintained that it was a simple controversy that could only be fought out between Italy and Abyssinia.

ON TREK: Somali nomads who often go about bare-footed, carrying their sandals in their hands so as not to wear them out. They regard umbrellas as equally precious and for the same reason seldom put them up when it rains

THE FORT AT WAL-WAL: An aerial view of the scene of the incident that has brought Italy and Abyssinia to the verge of war. Wal-Wal, which is a hundred miles within the Ethiopian frontier, is a place of some importance as it has the only well for hundreds of miles and natives of both Abyssinia and Italian Somaliland have long been wont to draw their water there

WOMEN OF ETHIOPIA

The Empress and Her Subjects Who Are Assisting Their Menfolk at This Time of Crisis

NEW PICTURES FROM THE CAPITAL: *Above*—The Empress Menen walking through the grounds of the new palace with Frau Hartl, her German Lady-in-waiting and the wife of the Court architect, and Princess Tsahay-Ouorek, a granddaughter of the late Emperor Menelek II who conquered the Italians at Adowa and began the scheme of reforms that is now being carried on by Haile Selassie. *Right*—The Empress wearing her crown. On Wednesday of last week, which in the Abyssinian calendar was the first day of the year A.D. 1928, Her Majesty broadcast an appeal from Addis Ababa "to women all over the world." Owing to interference from a more powerful wireless station some parts of the speech were not clearly heard, but she referred at one point to the "numerous and powerful armies preparing to invade our country under the fallacious pretext of bringing civilisation to our pastoral people living near to Nature and in communion with God"

AN ABYSSINIAN AMAZON: Voyzero Abebeck (*centre*), the wife of a wealthy Ethiopian army officer, seen in uniform at Addis Ababa before leaving for Gondar Province, where she joined the Emperor's army that has been mobilised for the defence of the northern frontier. She is only one of many women who have decided to accompany their husbands on the field of battle and, if war breaks out, to fight beside them against the invader

LESSONS IN THE MONASTERY COURT: The students, who are all members or potential members of the priesthood, seated in their flowing robes on the flagstones where they repeat monotonously after one of the older Lamas the doctrines of mental self-culture which form the foundation of the Lamaistic faith. These lectures are the most largely attended, as they are the prelude to all the more advanced courses which occupy the last six of the thirteen years' period of training. The pupils vary considerably in age, and even children of six and seven are allowed to attend; it being considered that even if they learn only in parrot fashion this will at least assist them later on in life towards gaining a true understanding

AN EXAMINATION IN ORGANIC NATURE: A teacher questioning pupils regarding their knowledge of the various parts of the body of a bird. These medical students, who are full members of the priesthood, have to undergo a severe course of training, during which they are under very strict discipline

Secret Rites, Cruel Castigations and Fervent Prayers

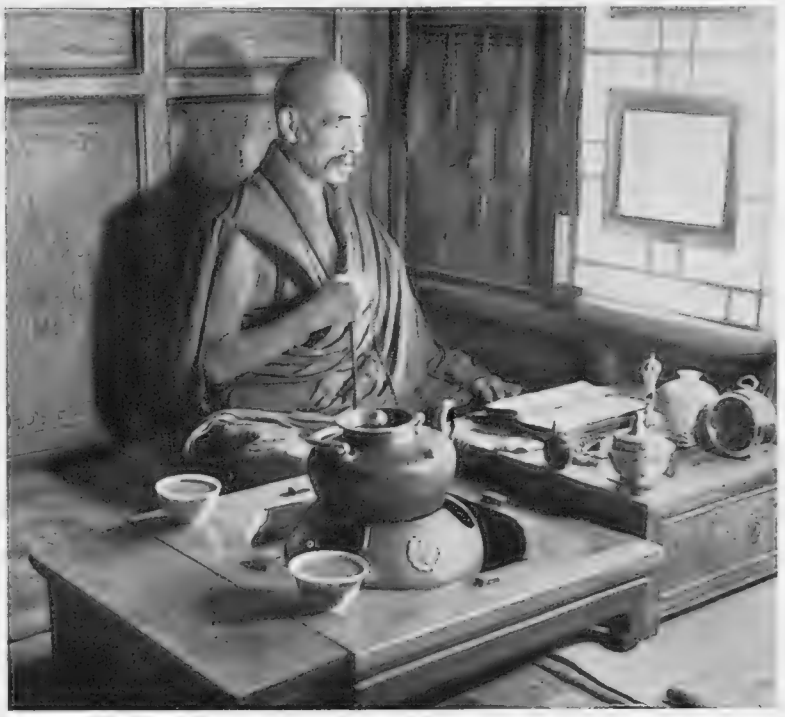
A Glimpse of Monastery Life

The following short description of the monastery at Kumbum has been forwarded to us by a correspondent in Pekin. "More than three thousand Lamas live together here," he says, "and they are ruled over by a young abbot hardly twenty years of age, who is regarded as the reincarnation of the great reformer, Tsongkapa. Assisting him are elderly monks, experienced in the administration of this vast community, and they make it their business to see that the students and younger Lamas keep diligently to their studies of the holy scriptures and old Tibetan and Chinese sciences. They are the ones, too, who after the evening prayers, order punishments to be administered to the lazy and disobedient. A strangely disquieting emotion fills the European when through the soft twilight he hears the sound of the leather whip lashing down upon the naked back of a human being. A moment ago prayers were being solemnly said in monotonous rhythm, the echoes of the surrounding hills multiplying the ever-reiterated 'Om Mani Padme Hum,' and suddenly this solemn atmosphere has gone; a wild crying from those punishing, and loud wails from those being punished, fills the narrow valley in which the great temple lies. The monastery lodges monks of many nationalities and races behind its walls. Its great reputation reaches from Siberia to India. Tibetans, Siamese, Russians—yes, even Europeans—come there, so that by means of secret rites, cruel castigations, or fervent prayers, the distant goal may be reached: rebirth upon another plane, nearer to Nirvana."

W. B.

THE MONASTIC UNIVERSITY OF KUMBUM

A Centuries-old Tibetan Seat of Learning where over 3,000 Students Attend a Course of Study that Extends over a Period of Thirteen Years



PA-LIANG-LOYE TANZIN-CHEK-PA: The chief medical teacher seated in his study at the monastery. While he is a great believer in the power of auto-suggestion as an aid to healing, he stresses equally the importance of a wide knowledge of the use of medicines, and not only makes his pupils learn by heart the numerous textbooks dealing with the different kinds of herbs, but sends them out into the countryside to gather the plants and find out for themselves in what districts the various species grow

THE FEET OF THE MASTER: A scene on the roof of the monastery as a Lama describes and illustrates to his youthful pupils the ancient legend of how Buddha when "he began to turn the wheel" (started to preach his doctrine) spoke first to two deer in the forest near Benares. Another great teacher about whom the children are told is Tsongkapa, the Luther of Tibet, who was born in the fourteenth century on the spot where the monastery of Kumbum now stands

WHERE THE SACRED MANUSCRIPTS ARE STORED: The monastery library containing rare volumes which are preserved in silk wrappings. Many of these works deal with the reforms of the great Tsongkapa, who founded Kumbum and rid the Lamaistic faith of its many abuses

THE EQUINE HERO OF THE HOUR: Two studies of the Aga Khan's Bahram who by his victories in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby, and the St. Leger has become the first triple crown winner since Sir J. Miller's Rock Sand was successful in 1903. During his career it is estimated that this brilliant colt has gained for his owner over £43,000 in stake money, and he now retires from the turf with the rare distinction of never having been beaten. Bahram, whose sire was the famous Blandford, will stand at the stud at the high fee of 500 guineas, and breeders have already booked him up for the next three years

Phantom Millions

Thrift Cannot Create Money; Investment or Extravagance Cannot Destroy it, and yet During the Past Year Bank Deposits have Mysteriously Increased by £112,000,000

BANK deposits are now at record heights. The money deposited with the ten London Clearing Banks, for the first issue in history, exceeds £2,000,000,000.

During the past year five of our big banks alone have seen their deposits increase by no less than £112,000,000.

Where have these extra millions come from?

In our youth the virtues of thrift were preached to us. The more we saved the greater became our bank balance, and we were taught that a nation of savers grew rich. That, however, is only partially true.

The same belief persists to-day. The increase of hundreds of millions of pounds in the banks is said to indicate much saving. In other quarters it is solemnly announced that the swollen deposits represent "accumulated surplus funds awaiting investment."

In fact, neither explanation is correct. It is indeed beyond the ability of the man in the street by his own actions to alter the level of bank deposits. Thrift cannot create money; investment or extravagance cannot destroy it.

A man with an adequate bank balance proposes to buy a motor-car for £200. On the grounds of economy, however, he changes his mind. His bank balance remains intact but his action has not increased the volume of money, as the banking account of the motor dealer also remains unaltered. If he had bought the car his own balance would have dropped by £200, but the banking account of the vendor would have increased by a like amount. Net result, no change.

Having resisted the temptation to buy a car our friend decides to invest his money in gilt-edged securities. He buys £200 worth of War Loan from another man. Down goes his balance; he holds War Loan instead, but the bank account of the vendor is now £200 healthier. Again, no change.

Our investor, as he now is, then changes his habits. He becomes a spendthrift. He looks upon wine and lips when they are red. Away goes his money, but it doesn't go far—only into the banking accounts of the *restaurateurs*, *parfumiers*, and wine merchants.

And so turn our financial wheels. Bank deposits are ever changing hands. Millions and millions flit hither and thither like phantoms. They are here to-day, but where to-morrow? Every year, according to official figures, the value of cheques drawn is more than £50,000,000,000. In the London Bankers' Clearing House, an unobtrusive building off Lombard Street, £282,000,000 has changed hands in a single day. Yet these vast turnovers in themselves do not affect the quantity of deposits by a single penny—they all cancel one another out. Then where *can* our five big banks have got their extra £112,000,000?

Perhaps they have produced it themselves! Can banks create credit? Banks certainly are in a very different position from a private individual. A bank, by making a loan to a customer, enables him to draw a cheque. This, of course, he probably does immediately—otherwise he wouldn't have arranged the loan. The cheque is paid away and the recipient banks it, thereby increasing the balance on his account. Now, we see, bank loans and bank deposits have increased by the same amount.

The same result occurs when banks make investments; the balances of the sellers are increased without any corresponding reduction in those of others.

However, things are not so simple as they might seem. Although in theory bankers can create deposits they do not in fact do so. For this reason. They are compelled by prudence to maintain a certain ratio between their deposits and their cash in hand. In order to preserve a perfectly liquid position for every £100 deposited with them they usually keep about £10 cash in their tills, or at the Bank of England. In technical language, they maintain a 10 per cent. cash ratio. Generations of experience has shown this proportion to be a satisfactory one.

If the banks are to carry larger deposits they must have correspondingly larger supplies of cash—either in the form of notes and coin or as balances at the Bank of England. Now no amount of inter-bank transactions can increase the amount of bank cash held for, as in the case of those of individuals, these cancel each other. During the past year, however, the amount of cash held by the five banks has risen by £20,000,000. This increase has enabled them to carry their extra deposits and at the same time to maintain their proportions of cash.

Then who has created the extra cash? Imports of gold might have done so, but this is not the case in this instance. The gold holding of the Bank of England at the end of June showed little change.

The only institution in the country capable of increasing the supply of money is, however, the Bank of England. The Bank stands alone. The effects of its operations differ from those of private individuals and those of the joint stock banks.

If the Bank of England makes an investment or grants a loan it increases the amount of money, because when it makes the payment it does so by issuing a cheque on itself. Individuals bank with banks, banks bank with the Bank of England, but the Bank of England has no banker. When she pays out money she does so by drawing a cheque on herself.

If the Bank of England buys £100 of War Loan she hands her cheque to the seller, who pays it into his bank. The bank, when the cheque is cleared, finds that not only its deposits have increased by £100, but its cash at the Bank of England by the same amount. But the bank only required £10 extra cash in order to carry the extra £100 deposit, so it has a surplus of £90 cash. It is now free to lend or to make investments, happy in the knowledge that the resultant increased deposits are supported by the appropriate cash ratio.

It will be seen then that the action of the Bank of England is cumulative. A £100 investment by the Bank of England provides the joint stock banks with enough cash to carry £1,000 more deposits.

During the past year the Bank of England has increased its holdings of securities by £21,000,000, and thereby provided the banks with a like amount of extra cash. This has therefore enabled the banks to carry the extra volume of deposits. The banks, however, have slightly increased their proportion of cash held, so the deposits have not increased to the full extent. Now what happens to all this extra money? Does it lie idle?

No, because the banks invest or lend the money while it is being created. Indeed, it is only by the action of the banks in disposing of these funds that the deposits have been able to increase.

Unfortunately for the banks these days are not profitable for investing.

What have our five big banks done with their £113,000,000? £20,000,000 of it remains as extra cash, £8,000,000 has been put into bills—chiefly Treasury Bills, £20,000,000 has been lent to customers, but the major portion—some £63,000,000—has been invested in gilt-edged securities, which at to-day's prices yield less than 3 per cent. At one time this year the banks held millions of pounds of Treasury Bills which earned for them the absurd rate of 3s. 11d. per cent.

Facts such as these, incidentally, must make us appreciate that our balances at our bankers are not such gold mines as might be imagined. A man with an average balance of £50 will sometimes complain if the bank makes a small charge—possibly the price of one theatre ticket—for the labour involved in operating the account for six months. Yet, invested in Treasury Bills at 3s. 11d. per cent., the £50 would earn less than 1s. in a half year, which could not possibly cover expenses.

Although all funds deposited in the banks are employed by the bankers (however unremuneratively) they can simultaneously be employed by the bank depositors themselves. The public by spending their money (although, as we have seen, they do not alter the volume of bank deposit) do circulate it and thereby cause employment. If everybody stopped spending, bank deposits would still remain at £2,000,000,000, but our economic life would be stifled and starvation would set in.

Fortunately, however, money *is* circulating and the cheques passed through the London Bankers' Clearing House during the first half of 1935 showed an increase over the corresponding period of 1934 of £841,767,000! Such an increase, even in these days, is indeed gratifying.

R. J. Martin

BANK DEPOSITS

	30/6 34 £ million	30/6 35 £ million	*Increase* £ million
Barclays - -	364·3	382·8	18·5
Lloyds - -	350·8	384·9	34·1
Midland - -	402·9	416·0	13·1
National Provincial	273·7	294·7	21·0
Westminster -	290·1	315·6	25·5
	1681·8	1794·0	112·2

IN FULHAM'S NEW POWER STATION

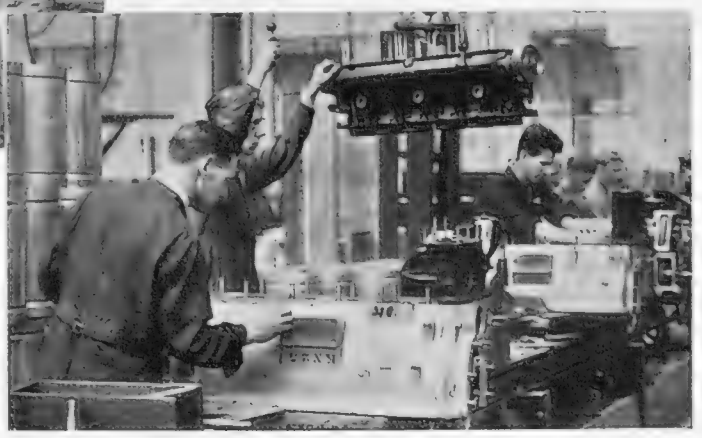
A Colossal Generating Plant Nearing Completion

A CATHEDRAL OF ELECTRICITY: A section of the turbine room *(inset above)* and the partially completed switching equipment *(above)* in the Fulham electric power station which will rank with Battersea and Barking among the largest generating plants in the world. When it is carrying its full load of 250,000 kilowatts, the station will consume 2,000 tons of coal per day, while it will draw 14,000,000 gallons of water per hour from the river for its cooling and cleansing plant

FOR ECONOMY AND SAFETY: One of the latest types of Diesel engine installed on the London buses

THE London Passenger Transport Board has decided to give no more orders for petrol-driven vehicles, and by the end of ten years its entire fleet of buses and coaches will be completely equipped with Diesel engines which are considerably cheaper to run—a factor of immense importance when it is considered that the L.P.T.B.'s annual fuel consumption is in the neighbourhood of 45,000,000 gallons. The new decision is a tribute to the foresight of the old London General Omnibus Company and the skill of the Associated Equipment Company. Some five years ago the former organisation asked the latter to try to produce a Diesel engine with exactly the same characteristics as the standard 95 h.p. petrol engine in the London buses. The A.E.C. succeeded triumphantly in this pioneer work and already 850 of these economical engines are in service.

(Above and below)—WHERE LONDON'S BUSES ARE BUILT: Assembling Diesel engines in the works of the Associated Equipment Co. at Southall, Middlesex



NORTH OF THE BORDER

Highland Games at Oban, Braemar, and Aboyne

AN AMERICAN HOUSE PARTY IN ANGUS: Mr. Fred Bedford (*right*), the U.S. cotton magnate and the tenant of Cortachy Castle (the Earl of Airlie's seat), with his daughter Miss Ruth Bedford, some of his guests, and the gillies, before setting out for the moors

OBAN WEEK: Miss Shiela Ogilvie and Mr. Ian Malcolm at the Argyllshire Gathering

SIR IAN MALCOLM OF POLTALLOCH in conversation with the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Murray in the enclosure at the Oban Gathering. During the war Sir Ian was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Balfour

NOTABILITIES AT THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING: *Left*—The Marchioness of Bute with Countess Brydgytte Bentinck and Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart. *Right*—Miss Catriona Maclean, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Maclean of Ardgour, sister of Lord Inverclyde. She is wearing in her hat the feathers of chieftainship of the Clan Maclean

PREPARING TO "SHOOT": Lord Dunedin getting his cine camera ready for the march past of the clansmen at Braemar Games

ON THE VILLAGE GREEN AT ABOYNE: A group including Lord Arbuthnot, the Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen and Temair, and Lady Dunedin at the sixty-fourth Highland Games which were held a few days ago in unfavourable weather but in the presence of a large crowd. A picturesque feature of the programme was the parade of pipers

THE RURAL SCENE

The New Aerodrome at Gatwick—The Blessing of the Grotto of Our Lady in Limerick

POTENTIAL RIVAL TO CROYDON: Men engaged in deepening the channel which has been made at Gatwick, Surrey, in order to divert the River Mole and allow more space for the new aerodrome now in course of construction. Hillman Airways are to have their headquarters here, and passengers arriving from the Continent will be able to reach London by a fast service of trains which is to be put into operation

AN UNUSUAL MOUNT: Every morning this bull on a farm in Dovedale, Derbyshire, is ridden by a farm-hand from its shed down to the drinking pool

A GATHERING OF THE FAITHFUL: The scene at Nicker, County Limerick, when Roman Catholics from all parts of Ireland attended the blessing of the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes by the Most Reverend Dr. J. M. Harty, the Archbishop of Cashel

CHARCOAL-BURNING IN KENT: A picturesque rural industry that still survives in this mechanical age, as charcoal thus prepared is suited for laboratory and medical purposes, for the manufacture of gunpowder, and for innumerable other uses

WOODLAND INDUSTRY: Another picture taken at a Kentish charcoal burner's camp, showing how the billets of wood are built up into a large conical heap before being ignited. An open space is left in the middle of the cone to serve as a flue, and the combustion proceeds gradually from the top to the bottom, and from the centre to the outside. It has been found that a hundred parts of wood will yield on the average about twenty-four parts by weight of charcoal

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

"THE best judge to have if you're innocent, and the very worst if you're guilty."

Mr. Justice Avory, of whom these words must often have been said, is the subject of a new biography by Mr. Stanley Jackson. It is not by any means a biography in the modern manner, but a sober, impersonal account of the cases with which the famous judge was concerned, and in each case an account of the way in which he arrived at his judgments.

The personal note is never struck; "his private life was never public property," and that lack of any kind of intimacy gives the whole book a slightly stiff and chilling character. Perhaps one is too accustomed to personal revelations in contemporary biography and autobiography, and perhaps that is a pity. Whatever the reason, MR. JUSTICE AVORY (Gollancz. 15s.) is an excellent and well-informed account of a man's public career, but it is not a life story.

This, it may be argued, is the most commendable method when writing of a distinguished man, and with that opinion I do, in a measure, agree. My only quarrel would be that it is a method which lacks in humanity what it makes up in good manners.

There are many stories which illustrate the severity of this austere judge and his own rather grim wit.

"A vigorous counsel once outlined his case, and turning to the jury said, 'and now, gentlemen, I will drop the advocate and assume the man.' 'No, sir,' interrupted the Judge, 'it is only as an advocate that you are entitled to address the jury—as a man you have no right to trouble them.'"

Mr. Stanley Jackson, who is I see, a barrister, has the most whole-hearted admiration for his eminent subject. "In his thirty-five years at the Bar Horace Avory discharged the duties of an advocate fearlessly and faithfully. . . . He had never forgotten the essential duty of manly independence and dignity."

Mr. Jackson's biography is a tribute to that

WRITERS OF NOTE: *Left*—Malcolm Burr, traveller, linguist, and entomologist, is the author of *Slouch Hat* (Allen and Unwin. 15s.), a book in which he deals with his adventures in Serbia before and during the Great War, and later when that country became a part of the newly created state of Yugoslavia. *Right*—E. Maitland Woolf, whose experiences in Fleet Street have provided him with the material for his instructive work, *The Complete Free Lance Journalist*, which has recently been issued by Universal Publications Ltd. The author is not yet twenty-one

dignity.

BORZOI (Hodder and Stoughton. 9s. 6d.) is a biography of a completely different kind. It is the most intimate, unevenly written, crude yet sensitive autobiography of a young Russian who lived through the Revolution as a child, and who now, at thirty, is still on the threshold of adventure.

The first part of the book, which covers Igor Schwezoff's childhood years, 1904–1916, is perhaps the least interesting, as it is written in the conventional "then we used to go to the seaside and be happy as the day was long" manner, which not even the strange background of the Russian scene can invest with interest. In these first pages even the discreet references to samovars and muzhiks failed to move me.

It is from the moment of the Revolution that one feels the first authentic interest in this boy, for then his personal life and his personal fight for life begin. The Revolution itself is presented from a different angle—almost entirely from the point of view of hunger. It is not the Revolution as seen by a member of the Czar's household, or by a foreign spy, or a Communist leader, or a brilliant journalist. Those have all been good accounts, and most of us have read them. This is a boy's revolution—the unremarkable but vastly interesting reactions of a boy of good family but of no particular importance, who experienced starvation, and cold, and loneliness, but never utter despair.

"I cannot say that at this period I was very unhappy or miserable," writes the young author judiciously of a time when he and his sister were living in a disused bathroom and making their own boots out of felt. "Three or four years of hardship and poverty is a much different thing to a growing child than to an adult brooding and preoccupied over his worries, remembering always—and regretting!"

After some years of these privations comes the real turning point of Igor's life. His totally unexpected decision to become a dancer was to be as important to him as the fateful days of 1917. Why he came to this decision he does not explain. At this time he knew nothing at all of ballet dancing beyond having watched it. He knew so little that "after a few weeks of kicking and slithering at the bar . . . my curiosity prompted me to pluck up courage and speak to my teacher, Snyetkova. I asked her when I should begin to dance. Snyetkova said as she laughed, 'But my dear boy, what are you doing now but dancing?'"

And dance he did, in hundreds of tiny provincial theatres and halls.

The description of his life at this period is the most colourful part of the story. The quarrels and love affairs and makeshifts and tempers and dismissals, even the hardships and the great poverty, for the dancers' salaries seem always to have been in arrears, are described with a kind of unquenchable gaiety.

Finally, though, the regime seems to have been too much for our young Igor, and he decides to escape over the Manchurian frontier. The flight, which he expects to take five days, lasts five weeks, but he is finally in safety in Harbin with no luggage, torn and stained clothes, and "my feet which, swollen and wounded, were shod only in a pair of flimsy ballet slippers."

From Harbin to Shanghai, and in Shanghai, about to sail for Europe, we leave him at the beginning of 1931. For my part I left him very regretfully, this resourceful, adaptable young man with the grace of a Borzoi and the optimism of a Micawber.

It is a wonderful book.

Mr. Louis Bromfield is first and foremost a craftsman. His craftsmanship is expressed in the neat construction of a story, the smooth turning of little phrases, and the efficient disposing of any loose ends of sentiment which might spoil the appearance of his polished work.

THE MAN WHO HAD EVERYTHING (Cassell. 6s.) is, if I may say so, a piece in the real Bromfield manner, as authentic and as elegant as a real Sheraton cabinet, and with just the same perfection about the joins. But unlike a Sheraton cabinet to the eyes of an expert, it is not completely satisfying.

It is in the first place a study of egotism, and that is of all subjects the most dangerous for a novelist to tackle, with all the pitfalls it offers to the reader of boredom or, at best, indifference. It is an excellent study for an essayist, but for a novelist it needs more than even the greatest art. It needs great strength, and that, at least so far, Mr. Bromfield does not claim to have.

The story of Tom Ashford, a bored and brilliant playwright, is a good one, and I have an idea that if someone had told me in a few words the outline of the plot, I should have thought it both ingenious and entertaining. Expanded into even the shortest of novels it lacks conviction, and even, fatally, interest. From New York to a farm in France which he had known during the war, Tom Ashford journeys in search of peace, and at that farm he finds more than peace. He finds vitality, the end of his boredom and a new purpose, all of which very commendable qualities he takes home with him to New York by the first possible boat, and presents them with childish delight, and an air of "Look what I've found" to his actress-sweetheart Maisie.

The plot is neatly turned, and if one cared more about the central character, one would say that the story had a very satisfactory ending.

The historical novel, that is to say a novel which has as its setting a well-known period in history, has always had a certain vogue in the literature of this country, but of late years there has grown up another and even more popular form of it, i.e. a novel "based on historical facts." For the most part, these latter deal with personages rather than periods; and to the distinguished number of them can now be added Mr. Gwynn Jones' RICHARD SAVAGE (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.).

The eighteenth-century poet who called himself Richard Savage was neither a good poet nor a person of good repute in his own day. He claimed to be the natural son of the fourth Lord Rivers and of Lady Macclesfield, who became Mrs. Brett. He lived in picturesque times, and of course there is always a certain amount of glamour about the tale of a "claimant." Many books have since been written about him—Dr. Johnson was among his biographers—and, like most books on such controversial subjects, they have alternated between eulogy, whitewashing, and vilification.

In this book Mr. Gwynn Jones has obviously been at some pains to present the facts without bias towards his subject. That he has sifted the material very thoroughly is obvious; and only the most painstaking student could question the accuracy of his estimate of his hero.

Unlike most claimants, Richard Savage was not entirely a thrusting and bombastic creature, determined to catch the public eye in order to assert his claims, real or imagined. He was, rather, a victim of circumstances, and a tool in the hands of persons more unscrupulous than he knew how to be, or had the brains to be, and who pushed his claims for their own peculiar advantages.

He is shown to be rather a vacillating character, indolent, too fond of good clothes and good living, possessed indeed of a small talent which could never have been rescued from its lapse into mediocrity. The value of his story is the picture it gives of eighteenth-century London, and of the days when Alexander Pope and the Augustans were a power in the literary world.

So much for the subject. For its treatment no one can but have the highest praise. The character sketches of the unscrupulous Captain Rawsley, of the Jewish harbourer of criminals, and of the kindly Suter who introduced the young poet to the Town are all unforgettable portraits. Every phase of life in that uncouth yet brilliant period is embroidered into the story; and while its protagonists may not arouse any impassioned feelings in the reader's breast, the story moves smoothly and with dramatic effect. In other words, it is a good novel, and one which I am sure should absorb the attention of everybody to whom this kind of story has an especial appeal.

A BOOK LIST

HODDER & STOUGHTON.—SWEPT CHANNELS: Being an Account of the Work of the Minesweepers in the Great War. By Taffrail (Captain Taprell Dorling). Illustrated. 21s. SOME DAY. By Ruby M. Ayres. 3s. 6d. I'LL GET OVER IT. By Jennifer Ames. 3s. 6d. HURST & BLACKETT.—WANTED—A NURSE. By Henrick Heller. 7s. 6d. RACING THE SEAS. By Ahto Walter and Tom Olsen. Illustrated. 15s. SHARK! SHARK!: The Thirty-Year Odyssey of a Pioneer Shark Hunter. By Captain William E. Young. As told to Horace S. Mazet. With a foreword by Count Felix von Luckner. Illustrated. 18s. HUTCHINSON. MALAYAN SYMPHONY: Being the impressions gathered during a six months' journey through the Straits Settlements, Federated Malay States, Siam, Sumatra, Java, and Bali. By W. Robert Foran. Illustrated. 18s. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—SOUND AN ALARM: True Stories of Rescues from Danger. Edited by F. M. Mellor and J. Bilbin. 10s. 6d. NOAH'S ARK. By S. W. Powell. 7s. 6d. STOBART & SON.—STANDARDISED GOLF INSTRUCTION. By Seymour Dunn. 5s. THE STUDIO, LTD.—ART IN THE U.S.S.R. Edited by C. G. Holme. Wrappers, 7s. 6d.; cloth, 10s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—HUNGRY MEN. By Edward Anderson. 7s. 6d. THE LIFE OF CHARLES GORE: A Great Englishman. By G. L. Prestige, D.D. Illustrated. 18s. BORISWOOD.—EVENTS IN THE EARLY LIFE OF ANTHONY PRICE. By Philip Price. 6s. COLLINS.—RACHEL ROSING. By Howard Spring. 7s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—STOKER BUSH. By James Hanley. 7s. 6d. GEOFFREY BLES.—ABRAM LEWIS, AGENT. By Alfredo Segre. 7s. 6d. OUT OF THE WORLD. By Pamela Bourne. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. DENT.—THE FROZEN HEART. A Victorian Adventure. By Mrs. St. Loe Strachey. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—THE COLLECTED GHOST STORIES OF OLIVER ONIONS. 8s. 6d. GOD IS MY ADVENTURE: A Book on Modern Mystics, Masters, and Teachers. By Rom Landau. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JARROLDS.—VOODOO FIRE IN HAITI. By Richard A. Loederer. Translated from the German by Desmond I. Vesey. Illustrated. 18s. DAUGHTERS DEFIANT. By Henrietta Leslie. 7s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—A GRAMMAR OF THE FILM: By Raymond Spottiswoode. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE BOOK OF JOAD: A Belligerent Autobiography. By C. E. M. Joad. 3s. 6d. BLACK PARADE. By Jack Jones. 7s. 6d. GALE & POLDEN, LTD.—THE FENCER'S COMPANION. By Leon Bertrand. 2s. 6d.

IN THE LIMELIGHT

A Page of Personalities

OFF TO THE "FRONT": Signor Ildebrando Pizzetti, the eminent Italian composer, who has recently sailed for East Africa to join the ever-growing army which is being massed on the Abyssinian borders

EX-KING ALFONSO AT BADEN-BADEN: His Majesty greeting two friends in the grandstand at a race meeting at the famous German resort

AMERICA'S ATTORNEY-GENERAL: Mr. Homer S. Cummings, who has arrived in England to study Scotland Yard's methods of crime detection. Mr. Cummings' work is much wider in scope than that of his British counterpart

THE WOMAN WHO ALWAYS PAYS: Mrs. Rebecca Birne, the London bookmaker, who is said to have been fined over £2,000 during the past five years for contravening the betting laws. Last week she was fined again

HOME AGAIN AFTER ANOTHER ARCTIC ADVENTURE: Mr. Augustine Courtauld (*left*), second in command of the British Greenland Expedition, and Mrs. Courtauld seen at Aberdeen with Mrs. Courtauld, Snr., who met them on their return after a two months' voyage of exploration in Shackleton's famous ship *Quest*. Mr. L. R. Wager, the leader of the expedition, is remaining in Greenland during the winter to continue his geological research work

TO BE MARRIED: Miss Olive Haxton, granddaughter of the late Barney Barnato, the South African diamond magnate, and Mr. Fitzroy Paley Upsall Phillips, a young solicitor, whose engagement has been announced

IN MUFTI: An unusual picture of Prince Starhemberg, the Austrian Vice-Chancellor, who is so seldom seen out of uniform. He has been spending a holiday at Bad Gastein

HOLIDAY-MAKING ON THE LIDO: Count Haugwitz-Reventlow and his wife, the Woolworth heiress, who is, perhaps, still better known by her maiden name of Barbara Hutton

CAREFREE KING PETER: A happy study of the young ruler of Yugoslavia who celebrated his 12th birthday on September 6. He is not as yet being made to take part in public life

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

A NOVEL ROUNDABOUT LAYOUT: On the extension of Western Avenue beyond Greenford, Middlesex, may be seen the first specimen of the new roundabout. With an ordinary central island, the surrounding road is duplicated on each of the four segments of the circle, so that when shops or houses spring into existence at the corners, vehicles can draw up in front of them in the secondary roads without obstructing the main artery for through traffic

AFTER those first few eventful days in March, when the 30 m.p.h. limit came into force, experienced motorists expressed the opinion that unless the limit was applied more reasonably it would sooner or later be universally disregarded and become the means of enraging a large section of the community, who on the whole are level-headed and law-abiding. The Ministry has made certain efforts to decontrol certain sections that should never have been controlled, and has put a limit in other places where it previously was not in force, but what they have done has not gone nearly far enough—in fact it is scarcely noticeable. My experience at the present moment tells me that where the limit controls a section of road that is wide, straight, and free of bordering habitations, the vast majority of motorists are exceeding the limit.

I must confess that I am a transgressor myself, because no matter how law-abiding I wish to be I simply cannot crawl along at 30 m.p.h. on a perfectly straight stretch of road and see every other car passing me at 40 or 50 m.p.h. This growing disregard for the limit has a snowball effect, and I should estimate that before three months have passed, not 5 per cent. of motorists will slow down for the familiar pink circle with the figure 30 inside it. They will reduce their speeds to a figure probably below 30 in true built-up areas as they have always done. I have no doubt that the police will get thousands of convictions and much money will be extracted from motorists. In short, we shall soon arrive at the stage similar to the state of affairs that existed when the old 20 m.p.h. and 10 m.p.h. limits were supposed to be in force.

Some of my anti-motoring friends may consider these remarks as those of a wild-wicked motorist who wishes to tear through the streets of a city at 80 m.p.h. killing and maiming the population. It might, therefore, surprise them to know that at the present moment I am engaged in endeavouring to discover why a stretch of road, two miles in length, from the village of New Haw towards Woking, is decontrolled. It has almost a continuous line, on each side, of small houses teeming with children. It is none too wide and it has lamp posts at the prescribed distances apart. Those lamp posts each bear a decontrolled sign, so that the hot-headed motorist can tear down the road at any speed he likes. I have written to the clerk of the council in authority, but not being quite satisfied with his reply I have taken the matter up with the Ministry of Transport, but even now, at the time of writing, five weeks have elapsed, and I have had no explanation given me. I have received, however, two acknowledgments of the receipt of my letter, so I live in hopes. One cannot help but think that the whole application of the 30 m.p.h. limit is unreasonable and illogical.

We do not seem to hear very much about the once boosted five-year plan of road making nowadays. In my humble opinion we shall never have the roads that present traffic demands until the Ministry of Transport is first of all made nonpolitical, and secondly is given complete control of the construction of all new through roads, and the maintenance and alteration of existing trunk routes. It is too much to expect a local body to embark on a satisfactory by-pass even if the Ministry gives a grant of 85 per cent. of its cost. The local council rightly asks why it should spend the remaining 15 per cent. of the local ratepayers' money, as those local ratepayers would probably not use the by-pass to any great extent. In addition these new roads have to pass through districts, each with a separate road authority, and it takes years for all those concerned to agree to a common plan.

The roads of this country were at one time the best in the world, but they have long since lost their proud position through sheer lack of foresight. People hold up their hands in horror at the weekly road casualty list and I, in common with probably millions of others, deplore the present situation, but what surprises me is not that the casualty list does not decrease, but that it is not two or three times greater. Our present roads were never intended to take either the volume of traffic which they are called upon to take to-day, nor were they constructed for vehicles travelling at 60 m.p.h. I think motorists should be congratulated on their astounding skill in avoiding so many accidents which would occur did they not handle their cars so well. I reckon that the average careful motorist, through his skill, saves on the average two lives a day. It is a good thing he does not expect to get any credit for these good deeds, for he certainly never receives it.

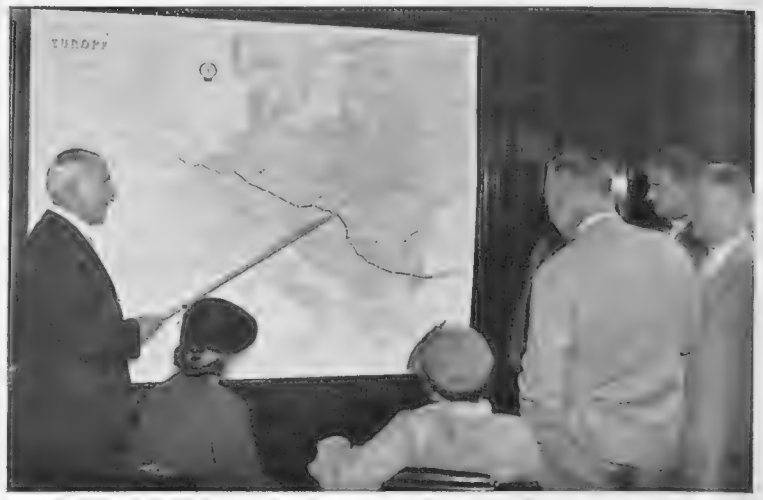
More new 1936 programmes have been announced. It is difficult to keep pace with the various manufacturers' announcements, but I will endeavour to give just the broad outline of some of the more interesting new models.

The 1936 Morris cars are divided into four classes, namely, the "Eight," "Ten-Four," the "Twelve-Four," and the "Big Sixes." The cheapest of the range sells at £118 and the most expensive at £350. This company has decided not to produce what is commonly known as a 1935 or 1936 model, but to lay down their various cars in series. For instance, if it is resolved to make preparation to produce 10,000 specimens of one model that number will be made. The quantity may last six weeks or two years, according to the demand, and this procedure is obviously the best, not only in the interests of the manufacturer but also of the purchaser.

Over 100,000 Morris cars were sold in fifty weeks of the selling season just concluded and it is claimed that this is a record in the history both of the Morris Company and of the British Motor Industry. Prices have not been altered and there is no change in the range of Morris models. Another interesting result of the last twelve months trading, or I should say eleven months ending July 1935, is that over 50,000 Morris "Eights" were sold. Sales of the "Series 11" Ten, since this model was introduced in the middle of last May, are three times more than for its predecessor in the same period last year. It is exactly the same story that can be told regarding the other models.

A very interesting booklet entitled *Building on a Sure Foundation* has been sent to me by Rootes, Ltd. In this publication details are given of the early growth and subsequent expansion of the Rootes organisation. It is an amazing account of the unique success

(*Continued on p. 458*)



EUROPEAN HIGHWAY No. 1: A party of British and Empire delegates left London recently for the Budapest Conference on the Transcontinental Highway (London to Istanbul). Sir Stenson Cooke, General Secretary of the A.A., is seen pointing out the new road to the delegates

BLAZING THE TRAIL: Sir Stenson Cooke (*left*) taking leave of a friend on setting out to attend the Budapest Conference. The Automobile Association first conceived the idea of this highway in 1930

MUTE ELOQUENCE: An amusing sign, very common in Switzerland, generally meant to indicate that road repairs are in progress, but it is also used to point out danger

AT ANNE BOLEYN'S COTTAGE: A Dagenham-built Ford V-8 outside the erstwhile residence of Henry VIII's second wife, near Boreham, Essex

THE SUB-TROPICAL PENINSULA STATE: A graceful clump of palms near the shores of Tampa Bay, Florida. The State, which has a very important lumber industry, is famous for the variety of its trees, and evergreen oaks, cypress, hickory, magnolia, holly, great dog-wood, satinwood, lignum-vitæ, mahogany, and Jamaica kino are found there in abundance

IN AMERICA'S SOUTHERN PLAYGROUNDS

Natural Beauties of Florida and California

SPLENDID ISOLATION: A yucca blooming luxuriantly in its natural habitat—the wastelands of Eastern California. These plants, which are members of the lily family, sometimes reach a height of 50 ft. and have stems 3 ft. in diameter. The flowers are white with a purple stripe

NATURE'S TRACERY: A picturesque scene on the Californian coast

On left—REPRIEVED: For nearly half a century this magnificent eucalyptus has stood on Pruess Road (now Robertson Boulevard), Beverley Hills—the suburb near Hollywood, where so many of the film stars have their homes. A short while ago the local authorities decided that the tree should be cut down, probably because they wished to widen the road, but it was saved by a petition signed by a number of the residents

AUTUMN IN THE AIR

AMID SEPTEMBER BREAKERS

Holidaymakers at a South-Coast resort make the most of their opportunities before the water becomes too chilly for bathing

LAPPED BY THE LUCENT SHALLOWS OF THE TIDE

Two delightful camera studies from the seaside and the countryside

THE OLD MILL—RELIC OF A LEISURELY PAST

Console

LONDON DEBUT: Hugh Miller with Lucy Mannheim, the well-known German actress and screen star, who is making her first appearance on the West End stage in *Nina*—Bruno Frank's comedy which began its run at the Criterion on Tuesday last

DRAMA and BALLET

Clifford Bax and the Borgias: Léon Woizikovsky Provides First-Class Entertainment at the Coliseum

By PHILIP PAGE

THESE are the days of extremes in historical drama, and I am grateful to Mr. Clifford Bax, always a writer of charm and meticulous taste, for having, in his *The House of Borgia*, proceeded to neither of them. I refer here, in the main, to extremes of language, because in the matter of making an unpleasant family—of which point more anon—considerably less unpleasant than recorded facts warrant, Mr. Bax has been a little too kindly.

History on the stage is in 1935 "dialogued" (as the hideous language of the screen would put it), either in stilted near-Shakespeare, or in the way Mr. Cecil B. De Mille (whom the gods of Hollywood preserve) approves and encourages in his Gargantuan films. Mr. Bax steers a middle course and I think he is right.

With the arguments in favour of making medieval folk talk modern slang we are all familiar; that this makes the drama both more lively and more lifelike, that such folk did occasionally talk slang anyway, and did not spend their time addressing one another in high-falutin' theatrical sentences, and so on. Against this it may be urged that their slang, or their colloquialisms, were not ours, and that, in a more stately, more leisurely, and more picturesque age they did speak not only, of course, a different language, but a different *mode* of language. To some extent letter-writing is an analogy. The letters of our ancestors, even down to the Victorian era, were portentous affairs; to-day we are apt to write each other snappy notes even on serious topics and, for good or ill, style and dignity have vanished.

It is because Mr. Clifford Bax is one of the few dramatists who have style and, in the best sense, dignity that I have devoted some space to this aspect, and it is the main one, of his play. It is also tolerably certain that the Borgias will in due course leave St. John's Wood—perhaps there are twentieth-century Borgias in St. John's Wood to-day?—and enjoy a long and profitable sojourn in the West End. Many plays from the little Embassy Theatre have done this and *The House of Borgia* is among the best half-dozen I have seen there.

Its one weakness is that, though it reproduces accurately enough, save for a bit of whitewash here and there, the violence of its characters there is but little suggestion of the violence of its period. Cæsar Borgia's attempt to be the Duca of Tuscany seemed rather a gentle process and that is really the play's sole action. Linked to it is the secondary theme and a dangerous one. We are asked to have some sort of sympathy for Cæsar Borgia on the ground that his tyrannical cruelty, his brutal swaggering, his swashbuckling (he was a "glittering prizer," if ever there was one) and his lack of scruple as a soldier and a statesman were due to the fact that he loved his sister as brothers should not love sisters, and that he nobly suppressed and overcame that guilty passion.

Since incest is not a permissible topic for stage representation, perhaps the author has chosen the only method and substituted a temptation heroically avoided. So far as the question of endangering an audience's morals is concerned it does not seem to me to make a ha'p'orth of difference one way or t'other. This is an unsavoury slice of history which most of us know anyway. And perhaps some of us have dug about in it just because it is unsavoury.

That likely lad, Pope Alexander VI has always been regarded as the outstanding member of the gang, outstanding in his vileness. "We are a happy family, we are, we are, we are," sang the old Gaiety quartet. Perhaps in the next edition of that first-rate and very witty historical revue, *1066 and All That*, we shall see Cæsar and Lucrezia Borgia and Alexander VI, who was their father, singing, "We are a filthy family, we are, we are, we are." I give the suggestion to my friend, Mr. Reginald Arkell, for what it is worth. Possibly it is not worth much. Undoubtedly Mr. Bax would not agree with it.

If he has made Cæsar vigorous and attractive and Lewis Wallerian—the part is well played by Mr. Reginald Tate, who duly Wallered in it—Lucrezia appears here as a sweet and lovely and cruelly misunderstood girl, the very epitome of grace and poetic gentleness. In the hands of that sincere actress, Miss Iris Baker, she struck me as being a combination of Melisande, Desdemona, and June, Lady Inverclyde.

Mr. Russell Thorndike, personally a charming companion, who would not kill a wasp, is wont to fill his conversation with talk of murder and torture and mutilation and buckets of blood. All of which I hope to continue to find entertaining for many years to come.

I can imagine Mr. Thorndike's delight on first being asked to play Alexander VI, because (a) he had an ecclesiastical upbringing, knows all about it, and even sang at Queen Victoria as a choir-boy; and Alexander was a Pope, and, like Queen Victoria, occupied a throne, though there the resemblance between the two celebrities ceases with a sudden snap; and because (b) with his passion for portraying and reading about the *macabre* the chance of impersonating the wickedest man in all history must have come to him like a glass of iced hock-cup to a man dying of thirst in the Arabian desert.

Imagine, then, poor Mr. Thorndike's chagrin at finding the Alexander VI of Mr. Bax just a pleasantly amorous old gentleman! However, Mr. Thorndike did his noble best to render the man foul. Nastiness "would keep breaking through." Indeed, Mr. Thorndike's heroic, and frequently successful, attempts to be horrible were not the least intriguing moments spent at a play that is full of interest, even if it is less full of history.

A LOVER'S TIFF: As Linda (Greer Garson) is engaged in removing her belongings from the flat, her middle-aged adorer (Nicholas Hannen) suddenly returns. A scene from *Accent On Youth*, Samson Raphaelson's successful new play which has quite evidently come to the Globe Theatre for a long run

Still more Ballet.—Any *arbiter elegantiarum* and/or gossip-columnist who was present at the opening night of the Woizikovsky Ballet at the Coliseum must have rubbed his eyes in wonder. Can this have been an evening in September? Can this have been, if Sir Oswald Stoll will forgive me, the Coliseum?

Covent Garden in June could hardly have shown a more fashionable array. In my ignorance I had imagined that, as George Robey used to sing, "anybody who *is* anybody" was in Scotland or Yorkshire or racing, miles from London, or at Cannes or Biarritz, or listening to fearfully advanced drama or music in Austria or even in Moscow. Not a bit of it. The place was full and duly eupeptic. High-pitched voices of all three sexes discoursed ballet technique in the style of a couple of months ago, voices made, perchance, a trifle more resonant by sun-bathing and foreign travel. Near me sat an immaculately clad enthusiast whom I have heard in every ballet and opera at Covent Garden for many a season past, "proclaiming with no little heat his various opinions," gestures and everything.

Had M. Woizikovsky given us as good a show as Colonel De Basil? Is he as good a dancer as M. Massine? How can Raievska, Chanova, Tarakanova compare with Riabouchinska, Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova? What of the orchestra? Excited discussions on all sides. For Ballet in England is now at its very zenith of public appreciation. The "Balletomanes," who have sedulously cultivated ballet, preached ballet, and written books about ballet, are seeing the harvest of their labours. Not, of course, that such appreciation is a new thing; Diaghileff was a pre-war growth. "Fancy ballet at the Coliseum!" gushed a bright young enthusiast in my hearing. I remember Karsavina—adorable dancer!—appearing

(Continued on p. 460)

THE MATRON OF THE BRITISH DRAMA: Dame Madge Kendal, the distinguished actress, who died last Saturday at the age of eighty-six. This picture was taken in 1896 when she was appearing in *The Elder Miss Blossom*

FASHION'S HEADLINES

Tell A Piquant Story

Turning A Blind Eye

Here's a hat with a brim upswept at one side. In brown velour, it has a tucked crown, and it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W.

Military Accoutrements

With tassels of soutache cord wound with gold wire, this Marcel Rose model is made of black strip felt, high at the front. It comes from Harrods

Of True Scottish Inspiration

A glengarry in Persian lamb and felt with an almost circular fluted veil across the front. A Rose Descat model, it comes from Harrods of Knightsbridge

The New Torpedo Brim

Marie Alphonsine sweeps forward the brim of her brown velour cap so that it forms a sharp point in the front. This, too, comes from Marshall and Snelgrove

At a concert a fellow of Caius
Spoilt the Brahms with a thunderous snaius,
So the whole Philharmonic
Cried "Take some Schweppes Tonic"
And a don—more polite—added "plaius."

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The Towns of Tuscany

Florence, Siena, and other Centres with Renaissance Associations

THE TOWN HALL OF FLORENCE: A scene within the walls of the Palazzo Vecchio, a castle-like building which was begun at the end of the 13th century to the designs of Arnolfo di Cambio, and was at one time the headquarters of the Republic of Florence. Note the armorial bearings in the recesses on the tower

MOST wine-growing districts have something more to recommend them than their vineyards alone, and Tuscany is no exception. Indeed, Tuscany has so much to recommend it (even the name itself is something of a recommendation, with its inevitable suggestion of renaissance Florentine splendour), that the people who claim to know it best are for ever disputing as to what should be recommended first. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why such numbers of foreigners go to live there just to see for themselves. The hills surrounding Florence, dotted with villas, virtually echo with English and American voices. Not quite so loudly now as five years ago, but still loudly enough; the afternoon trams from Fiesole and San Miniato still bear their quota of Anglo-Saxons in voluntary exile down to the teashops of the Via Tornabuoni.

Florence is no provincial town given over to quietness and the past. It is very much alive, very much a part of the new Italy. Trams are continually clanging round you as you try to rivet your attention on the famous bronze doors of the Baptistery; the narrow pavements are continually crowded with people who have evidently got little time to waste. Yet so strong is the sense of the past in Florence, so rich in associations are its palaces and monuments, so splendid its churches, that one seems for ever to be stepping from the present into the past and back again.

In Siena, on the other hand, it is almost wholly the past which predominates. Many of the streets about the centre of the town are too narrow for modern traffic and there is nothing that helps one more to recapture the feeling of other ages than an absence of motor cars. Then, right at the centre you come upon the Campo, an enormous square which looks all the more imposing because you can stand far enough back from the buildings which flank it really to appreciate their fine proportions. At every period the Italians have always gone in for architecture on the grand scale, and except for some lapses at the end of the last century and the beginning of this one, their conceptions have always been distinguished by a marvellous sense of design.

There is no coldness about this Campo; it is the expression of Siena's life during the most vivid period of her prosperity—the 14th and 15th centuries.

A famous festival, the Palio, is held every July 2 and August 16 here, when the Campo is transformed into a racecourse and farmers from round about bring in their horses and compete for a banner bearing the image of the Virgin. This is one of the most remarkable survivals of medieval pageantry in Italy, and people come a long way to see it. A tradition persisted until recently that Siena was so hot in summer that only the inhabitants could bear it, but now that it has been broken down the outside world is taking an increasing interest in the Palio, and it may be that before long the festival will lose that local, unselfconscious character which has been one of its chief charms hitherto. The inhabitants seem to talk about it from one year's end to the other, rather like the English do about the weather. If you go there in the autumn, they give you gesticulatory eye-witness accounts of the last one. If you are there in the spring, they are full of enthusiastic prognostications about the next.

I have been lucky enough to visit Siena at all seasons with the exception of mid-winter, and comparing them I find that my own particular preference is for the autumn. I think of October sunsets seen from the ramparts of the Forte Santa Barbara; the tiled slanting roofs crowded together within the walls on the opposite

(*Continued on p. 458*)

A LINK WITH OLD FLORENCE: Few traces remain of the walls of the city, but the Porta Romana, which is seen in this picture, is one of a number of ancient gateways that have been spared. It was built in 1328 by Jacopo Orcagna, a Florentine artist and architect of considerable note

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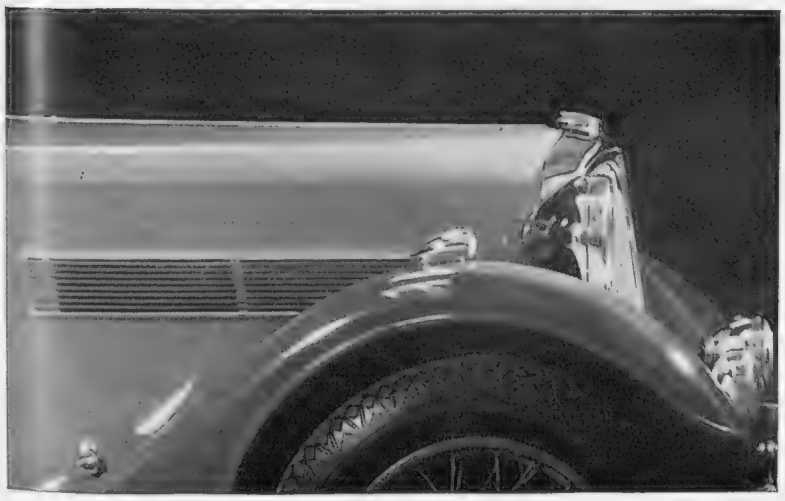

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CVS—155

REALITY IN TRAVEL

An eminent psychologist declared recently that unless the mental health of the next generation is superior to that of this generation civilisation will resolve itself into an elaborate and unceasing escape from reality. Modern life, he added, is replete with opportunities for escape—from chewing gum to morphia, from dancing to ocean cruises.

We may well consider this in its bearing on our holiday and travel habits. Do the idle or merely glamorous phases of travel, the holiday abandoned wholly to pleasure, suffice? A discerning consensus would, we think, answer "No"!

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TOWNS OF TUSCANY

(Cont. from p. 456)

hill, the fine black and white façade of the cathedral, the darkening horizon of the country beyond. . . . But everybody knows how, when one comes back from travelling in a country one loves, there are certain moments which seem to stand out in one's recollection above all the rest. And everybody knows how impossible it is to convey to others just what it was that made them so good. All one can do is to reaffirm that they were good, and hope that subsequent travellers will not be disappointed either.

But my liking for Tuscany in the autumn is not altogether irrational; then is the time of the grape harvest, the "vendemmia," as it is called, and the time when the life of the hill towns can be seen at its best. For anybody who is not too inseparably attached to the beaten track, and who can put up with simple (but scrupulously clean) accommodation, there is a good holiday to be had here. Actually, one can "do" the hill towns in a day's motoring from Florence or Siena (not all of them, that is, but a representative selection, enough to satisfy the conscience-ridden tourist). To spend a day or two in any individual one of them, however, reveals a world which is inevitably hidden from the motorist who has only got half-an-hour or so to spare.

Take San Gimignano, for instance, which is among the best known and famous for its towers. I have watched whole motor-coach loads of tourists debouched into the Piazza at 12.30 and packed in again at two o'clock, knowing scarcely any more about the place than the taste of its food. But stay there a little and watch the changing effects of light and shade on that weatherworn masonry; see how remarkably a shower of rain brings out the colour of the stone; observe the local "characters" every evening taking up their accustomed places at the café in the corner of the Piazza; listen to the deep silence of the night when one by one the lights disappear from the windows, until there is only the outline of the towers standing up black and hard against the sky . . and you will know something about Italy that is really worth knowing.

Volterra has its devotees, too, but they are mostly archæologists who go there to try and solve the riddle of the Etruscans. It was the centre of Etruscan culture, and the great wall which extends round part of the present town and for a certain distance outside it is an impressive monument to that lost race. There is also a museum there with a remarkable collection of pottery, and, incidentally, a garden with a charming view of the surrounding hills.

Then—to mention two more—there are Pienza and Montepulciano, to the south of Siena. Pienza boasts an enormous papal palace—built by Julius II, I think, and just outside its walls a singularly beautiful romanesque church. Montepulciano, whose vineyards yield one of the softest red wines in the whole of Tuscany, is perhaps the most beautiful of all these four. The hill on which it is set is higher than the rest, and the views from the ramparts are magnificent. Here, in the main street, are to be found as many renaissance façades as would make a capital city proud, though their splendour is of the past, and grass and valerian are to be seen growing up between the stones. Yet it is not a melancholy place. None of the Tuscan hill towns are melancholy. Nor are the Tuscan people. How could they be, with so many vineyards and so much sunlight?

A. G.

CONTINUATIONS

THE MISSING MURDER FILM

(Continued from p. 436)

roll but refuses to listen to Maître Desbons' plea that it be produced, as tending to establish the innocence of his clients. For the first time, in fact, the guilt of men appears to depend on the showing of a film. Elsewhere one can visualise the jury being invited to see such a film in a neighbouring room. But, as I said, they order these things differently in France. There is as yet not a sign of this film being produced though one could, it is claimed, see from it (a) who actually did the firing besides "Kelemem," (b) whether any individuals resembling the three accused were anywhere "in the picture."

The reason the film is being kept quiet, says Maître Desbons, is simple enough; it shows the police losing their heads and firing into the terrified and scattering crowd directly after the regicide's act. Not only does the film show this, says Maître Desbons, but it has been established by the official pathologists that none of "Kelemem's" special bullets entered the bodies of those in the street—though these special bullets were taken right enough from Alexander's chest and from Barthou's arm. In fact, Dr. Béroud, director of the laboratory of police technique at Marseilles, is said to be ready to testify that some of the wounded, at any rate, were hit by bullets exactly the same as those used by the local police. Moreover, one of these extracted bullets lies somewhere under magistrate's seal—somewhere.

Meanwhile, no one in France takes the slightest interest in the fate and the suffering of these men. After all, they are only what is termed "Oustachis," so why worry? That the mere showing of a film might prove them innocent provokes no one to action in print or utterance, though one might have thought the novelty of the thing, a film as chief witness in a murder trial, would have appealed.

Are the days of *J'accuse* over, with Frenchmen, one wonders? Would the lions of forty years ago have allowed such a glaring, judicial performance as that outlined above to go by unchallenged?

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from p. 450)

of the two Rootes brothers, the elder of whom is only just forty years of age, whilst the younger is thirty-eight. The huge combine which they control includes the following well-known companies: Humber, Ltd., the Hillman Motor Car Co., Ltd., Clement-Talbot, Ltd., Thrupp and Maberley, Ltd., Commer Cars, Ltd., Karrier Motors Successors, Ltd., Sunbeam Commercial Vehicles, Ltd., and Motor Industries, Ltd., the last-named being the proprietors of the Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd. Writing of this combine reminds me that the 1936 programmes for the Hillman and Humber cars are more than usually interesting.

First of all there is a new Hillman-Minx Magnificent. The manufacturers describe this entirely new model as "A big car in everything but running costs." Space does not allow me to enter into details, but I would like to mention that the new Minx saloon has ample room for four big people, and even with this formidable load it will exceed a mile a minute when required. In spite of this performance it is claimed to cover thirty-two to thirty-five miles to a gallon of petrol. The design bristles with interesting features which not only add to the comfort but to the convenience of the owner. The price has not been changed, but actually the Saloon de Luxe now sells at £175 instead of £179.

The Humber "Twelve" is a car which should be tremendously popular for the next twelve months. It has been given a new stylishness, and I notice that the radiator is actually coloured to match the body finish. Although it is modern in appearance its stream-lining has not been overdone.

The range of Alvis cars for 1936 is first of all the "Firebird Fourteen," this being the smallest Alvis now sold. Next we have the "Silver Eagle Sixteen" and on this chassis there are two new coachwork styles, namely, a four-light saloon and a four-seater drop-head coupé. The next biggest chassis is the "Speed Twenty" which boasts of independent front wheel springing and steering. It has not been altered much, as this was not found necessary. A new saloon body on this chassis is listed. The last chassis in the Alvis range is the "Crested Eagle" which can be described as the "town carriage Alvis." Its introduction took place only a few months ago and it has already met with great popularity.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

D., Birmingham (Christmas Tour).—In order to be absolutely certain of warm, sunny weather in December and January, you would have to go as far south as Madeira. There the winter climate is warm, sunny, and dry, though the atmosphere tends to be relaxing. The mean temperatures at Funchal during December and January are 62·8° Fah. and 61·2° Fah. respectively, while there is a low daily range of temperature. There is a 9-hole mashie golf course there. Reid's Palace Hotel is the leading hotel in Madeira, though the Savoy Hotel, which also overlooks the sea, can be highly recommended. The Union Castle Line are quoting special return fares to Madeira for the Christmas holiday, the return 1st-class fare in this way being £20.

N., Lancs. (Sea-trip round Africa).—You probably have in mind the "Round Africa" tours which are run by the Union Castle Line. This company have two scheduled for the coming winter, the first by the *Llandovery Castle* leaving London on December 28 travelling out via the Mediterranean and homeward via the West Coast of Africa, and the second by the *Durham Castle* leaving London on January 2 and travelling out via the West Coast of Africa and homeward via the Mediterranean. Both ships call at a number of Mediterranean and African ports including also Teneriffe. The 1st-class fare for either of these sixty-day cruises is £105, the tourist class fare being £50. We advise you to apply for a reservation as soon as possible, as these tours are extremely popular.

F., Yorks. (Winter Cruise).—The *Atlantis*, of the Royal Mail Line, is making a most interesting cruise, leaving Southampton on January 24, 1936. The itinerary includes Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Cristobal, Balboa, Hawaii, Honolulu, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Jamaica, and Las Palmas. Fares for this seventy-three days' cruise range from 150 guineas, first-class passengers only being carried.

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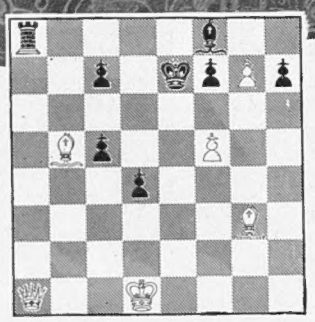

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RASCALITY AND SEX APPEAL: Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow who give outstanding performances in *China Seas*, a cleverly directed and elaborate film which was well received when presented at the Empire, Leicester Square, last week

DRAMA AND BALLET

(*Continued from p.* 453)

at the Coliseum under the name of La Tamara as long ago as 1909 and there have been several first-class ballet seasons there at other times before and also since the war.

But never has appreciation of ballet, which is going hand-in-hand with the present astonishing *renaissance* of musical enthusiasm, been so widespread. Ballet is now a safe card to play at almost any theatre. The Covent Garden season had hardly closed before arrangements were completed for M. Woizikovsky at the Coliseum. The Jooss Ballet is shortly due at the Gaiety. Anton Dolin and Markova are to have a season at the Duke of York's. The Vic-Wells ballet opens again at Sadler's Wells in a week or so. The amateur side of ballet is not neglected, for there are flourishing ballet-clubs among the undergraduates of Oxford and Cambridge. Which is simply *divine* for them.

Ballet, if it is good, is a medium of art, expression of which one cannot have too much. On the material side, it provides plenty of employment, particularly for orchestral musicians, who, with the advent of the "talkies," have been having a thin time. For a ballet without at any rate an adequate orchestra is, to my mind, unthinkable, in spite of the plucky efforts of a certain recent company with a couple of pianos.

M. Woizikovsky at the Coliseum has a large orchestra which, under the direction of M. Fistoulari, plays well and will play better, starting off the proceedings, it being a Russian season, with the popular "Capriccio Espagnol."

With the exception of "L'Amour Jorcier" (another Spanish effort—very beautiful too) the opening programme was familiar—"Les Sylphides," "Spectre de la Rose," and "Petrouchka." The first named not quite up to standard, in spite of the graceful leaps of a huge young man named Eglevsky, a sort of terpsichorean Aubrey Hammond, though a first-rate dancer. "Petrouchka" made up for the poor crowd work by the splendid performance in the title rôle of M. Woizikovsky himself.

Mlle Tarakanova is the best of the *ballerine* and sustains the reputation she made for herself under the De Basilisk eye.

Our Paris and Berlin Offices

At the Paris offices of *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sphere*, *The Sketch*, *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, *Britannia and Eve*, *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable reading-room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge, on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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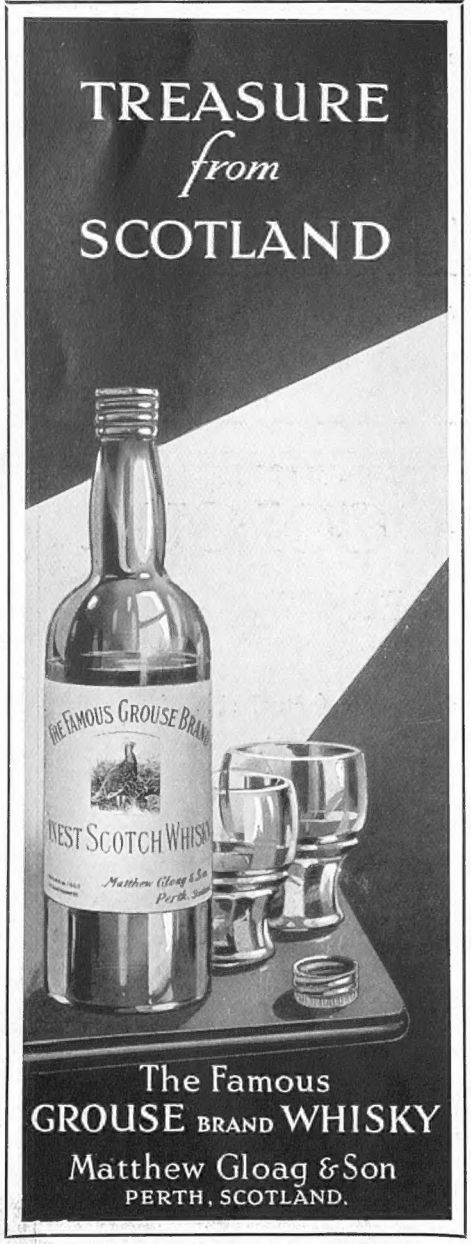
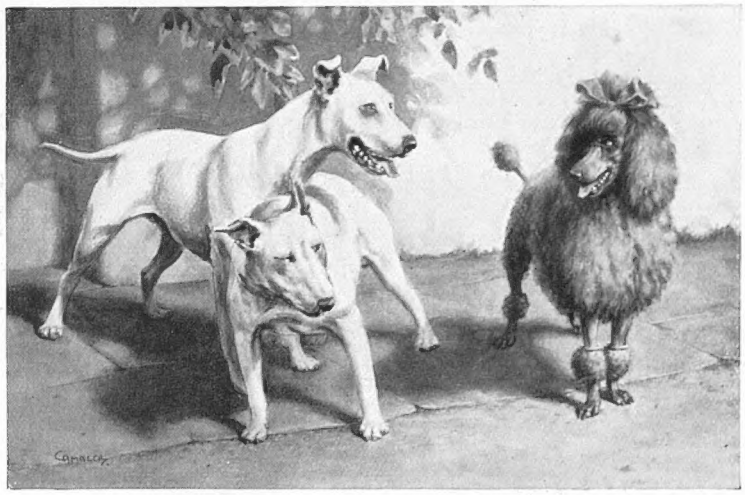
PARAMOUNT'S LATEST: Tom Brown and Richard Cromwell in *Gentlemen of the Navy*, a film with Annapolis (the American Dartmouth) as its setting and with a theme that is admirable propaganda for the service. The photography is excellent, and there are some striking shots of the fleet





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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

S., Sussex (Fyffes Line).—Fyffes Line have discontinued their 44-day trips to Bermuda, Jamaica, and the West Indies. You could, however, book for one of their round trips to Jamaica, which cost £55 minimum, first class, and are issued subject to the passenger returning by the same steamer. This fare includes a five-days' stay at the Myrtle Bank Hotel in Kingston, which is one of the finest hotels in the West Indies.

B., London (Palestine).—Jerusalem which lies well over 2,000 ft. above sea level cannot be recommended as a winter resort, for the climate then is cold, the average temperatures for December, January and February being 48° Fah., 46° Fah. and 49° Fah. respectively. The rainy season commences about the middle of December, lasting until the end of February, January being the wettest month. The best time to visit Jerusalem is from early March to the end of May, when the scenery is at its best, the orthodox Easter Week being the ideal time as regards interest. Hotel accommodation there is apt to be expensive. The King David Hotel is the leading hotel, the Mount Olivet House being more reasonable in price. Beirut is the town in Palestine which is most fitted for a winter health resort, the average temperatures there being 62° Fah. in December, 58° Fah. in January and 59° Fah. in February. The town is beautifully situated on St. George's Bay, and is generally regarded as the healthiest town on the Syrian coast. An inexpensive means of travelling to either Jaffa or Beirut is by one of the Prince Line cargo boats, the return fare being about £40 to £50.

G., Calcutta.—We suggest that you get in touch with Mr. P. Goyet, 21 Tat-Quai, St. Pierre, Cannes, France, who will be able to give you full details concerning the cost of hiring a motor-boat in which to make a cruise along the coast of the Riviera. We think you would do better to sleep on land, as there are many delightful little towns and villages between St. Raphael and Marseilles which are well worth visiting.

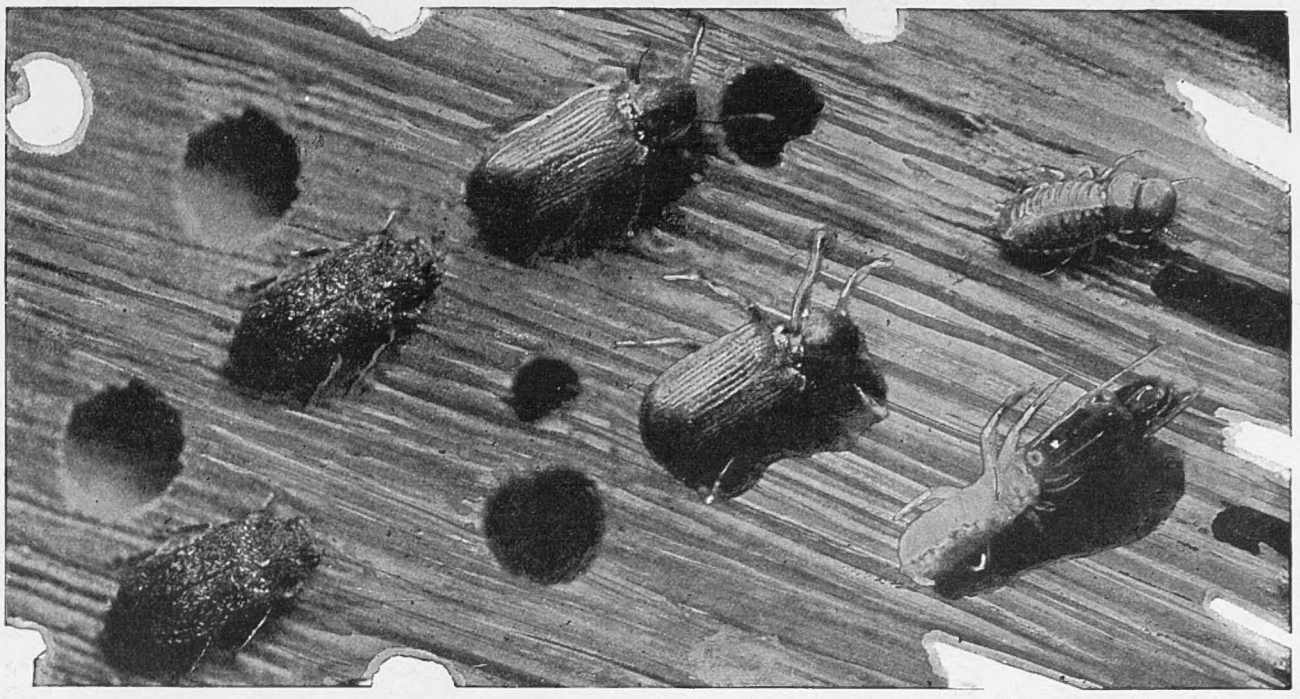
S., Yorks (France).—The Hotel de la Residence at Val d'Esquieres should suit your requirements very well. It is a first-class hotel, with its own private bathing beach, and large grounds, there being an 18-hole golf course in the vicinity. Val d'Esquieres is about one mile outside the small resort of Ste. Maxime, and about ten miles from St. Raphael, the surrounding country being very pretty. The return 2nd class fare to St. Raphael on a thirty-day ticket would be £11 2s. 9d. via Dover, Calais, and Paris. The supplement for the 2nd class sleeping berth from Paris to St. Raphael return would be about £5 1s. 7½d., this including the 25 per cent. reduction which is granted on condition one books and pays for the sleeping berth for both journeys before leaving England. An alternative suggestion is the Hotel du Cap d'Antibes at Cap d'Antibes, which is a de luxe hotel. Although on the most fashionable part of the Riviera the hotel is built at the end of a promontory, and is surrounded by a large park, so that the immediate surroundings are similar to those of the hotel you mention.

M., Lincs (Worthing).—Worthing is a pleasant residential sea-side resort, and you would find it ideal for your purpose during the winter months, for it is sheltered from the north and east winds by wooded downs. You would like Percival's Hotel there, which is situated in a good position overlooking the sea with lawns both in the front and at the rear.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C. 2, will be promptly answered



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